McKean County Miner.

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Bliss Library Association

PT. ALLEGANY 9, SMETHPORT 7

Was the Result of the Ball Game Friday Afternoon.

IT WAS A RAGGED EXHIBITION.

Fisher's Chewing was Not Appreciated by the Spectators—Summary of the Game.

Prof. Fisher and his famous congress of acrobats and athletes came over from Port Allegany Friday last and with the assistance of local talent demonstrated to the Smethport bunch in a surprising manner that the unexpected is very liable to occur in base ball.

Mr. Fisher was unable to obtain a complete cast at Port Allegany and as a result Cunningham and Andrews were drafted from Smethport which was fortunate for Fisher, as they practically won the game for this aggregation.

Cunningham is a new man to Smethport and the way he delivered the goods won him much applause. Andrews, as usual, captured everything that came into his territory and his work in the last inning pulled Port Allegany out of a dangerous place.

Fuller was in the box for Smethport and with even ordinary support would have won his game. He issued no free passes, allowed but seven well scattered hits and struck out seven men.

McCabe played another fast game at third, his one error being a throw to first which was a trifle high.

Stull carried off the batting honors with two clean two-baggers.

Port Allegany started the run getting in the second inning when Andrews reached first on King's error, and then came all the way home when King let Fuller's throw get away from him and lost the ball in the tall grass.

For Smethport in the third inning Stull reached first on an error by Fisher, went to third on Ramer's single, and came home on a passed ball. Ramer stole second. King drew a base on balls. They went up a notch on a passed ball and Ramer scored on Daniel's sacrifice. King scored on McCabe's hit, making Smethport two runs to the good.

One hit, two errors and three stolen bases was a combination that netted Port three runs in the fourth inning, while two errors and two hits gave Smethport two runs in the same inning.

Lee started the sixth inning with a two-bagger, Studholme and Seuling singled, two errors occurred in rapid succession giving Port two more runs.

Smethport scored twice in the eighth. Stull made his second two-bagger for the game and Ramer smashed a hot one into right field, the ball going into the "tall timber" and before it could be recovered both men had chased themselves across the plate.

In the ninth inning the usual reliable Daniels had a baloon ascension, which coupled with King's two errors, and a passed ball put the game on the shelf for Port Allegany.

Two star catches by Andrews and one by Lee put Smethport's fire out in the last act, making the score 7 to 9 in favor of Fisher.

Speaking of Fisher—if that gentleman would cut out nine-tenths of his conversation which he insists upon addressing to the umpire in the middle of the diamond he would make a hit with players and spectators and save a vast amount of energy which might be directed in more profitable directions.

Although the work of Smethport's team does not look well on paper for this game we have a good team and fast games will be the rule in the future. The score follows:

Smethport.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2d	4	0	2	2	6	3
Tull, ss	5	0	0	0	1	2
McCabe	5	0	1	2	4	1
Crossant, c	5	0	0	9	1	1
Fuller, p	4	1	2	0	3	1
Denning, lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Stull, rf	4	2	2	0	0	1
Ramer, cf	4	2	2	0	0	0
King, 1st	1	1	0	11	0	4
Total	38	7	10	36	12	12

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Turner, ss	5	0	1	1	0	0
Fisher, 1st	5	1	1	14	0	3
Lee, 3d-c	5	1	1	1	3	0
Studholme, cf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Seuling, p	5	1	1	0	5	0
Sherwood, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Andrews, lf	3	2	1	4	0	0
Lyman, 2d	4	1	0	1	5	1
Cunningham, c-3d	4	1	0	2	2	0
Total	40	9	7	27	15	4

*Lee out hit by batted ball.

By innings:										
Smethport	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	—7
Port Allegany	0	1	0	3	0	2	0	0	3	—9

Home run—Ramer.
Two base hits—Stull 2, Lee.
Stolen bases—Daniels, Ramer, Studholme 2, Sherwood.
Struck out—by Fuller 7; by Seuling 2.
Base on balls—off Seuling 2.
Hit by pitcher—King, Sherwood.
Double plays—Lee to Fisher, Lyman to Fisher, Seuling to Lee to Fisher.
Umpire—Backus.

Lost.

An open-faced silver watch with Katherine McGrath engraved on back, between residence of Jas. McKean and school building. Reward will be given if returned to this office or James McKean's residence.

Buckboards! Buckboards!

The easiest running, most serviceable buckboard to be found anywhere. Also two second hand buggies as good as new for sale cheap. Holmes & Gilfillan.

A HOME WEDDING.

Mr. Frank J. Andrews and Miss Nelle M. Shepard the High Contracting Parties.

At 8 o'clock last evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shepard on Mechanic street, Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson of the Methodist Episcopal church, spoke the words which united in marriage their daughter, Miss Nelle Mae, to Mr. Frank J. Andrews, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Andrews. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were in attendance.

The appointments for the ceremony were perfect in every detail and the marriage was performed amid most pleasant surroundings. The interior of the house was decorated with ferns and flowers, and the wedding ceremony occurred under a canopy of flowers in the north parlor.

The bride was attired in a becoming gown of white lawn and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her sister, Miss Lenna Shepard, gowned also in white lawn and carrying a bouquet of white carnations, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Ellsworth Andrews, a brother of the groom, was best man.

After congratulations had been extended a sumptuous wedding supper was served, after which amid a shower of rice the happy young couple were driven to Port Allegany where they left on an early morning train for an extended western tour. Upon their return they will be the guests of friends until early in September when they will go to Roulette to reside.

Both of the parties are well known and highly respected young people. The bride is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who, during her residence in Smethport, has won the esteem and love of many. The groom is a popular young man and until recently was in the employ of the Camp Wildow Glass factory, and, like his estimable bride, has many friends who will wish him a long and happy wedded life.

An Insane Minister.

Rev. Albert Turner, formerly of Mount Morris, Pa., but recently removing to Jamestown, has become insane, and on Sunday was taken into custody by the police for commitment to the State hospital at Gowanda. It was necessary to put the unfortunate man under restraint as he had attempted suicide with a conductor's punch and before he was discovered had made several cuts on his body, none of which, however, are regarded as dangerous.

Rev. Mr. Turner came to Jamestown to take a position as editor of the Falconer Chronicle, the defunct newspaper published by the Brown Printing company. He began his duties about March 7 and held the position for two months. The directors of the company realizing that a policy of retrenchment was necessary dispensed with his services at that time and since then he has had no regular employment in the city. As he has a wife and four children to support his financial condition preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he became mentally unbalanced.—Jamestown Journal.

New Manufacturing Industry.

Last Thursday a deal was consummated between T. W. Connington & Co. of Parnassus, and E. K. Kane of Kushequa, whereby the former company became owners of the land near the Kushequa and B., B. & K. railroads, formerly occupied as a lumber yard by J. C. Hamlin. These gentlemen will erect buildings on this site for the manufacture of bent glass, such as show cases, china cabinets and the like. Just how the plant is run we have not learned, but understand that the glass to be used has been contracted for from the Smethport Window Glass factory. The concern will employ about six experienced hands. This may seem a very small force to most of our readers, but as "every little counts" the industry will be welcomed. Work has been begun on excavations and it is expected that by fall all details will be ready.

Bad Accident This Morning.

Ransom Wetenhall, a young man aged about eighteen years, was seriously injury this morning as a result of a runaway accident. He had been at the creamery and was about to return home when the team started to run down the street. Young Wetenhall was thrown from the rig just opposite the Camp Glass factory. He struck on his head and was rendered unconscious. He was attended by Dr. Hamilton, who informed the writer that the young man received some bad bruises on the head, but just how serious they are it will take several hours to determine. He has been removed to the home of his father on the Brennan farm, north of town, where the patient is resting as comfortable as possible. The team was caught before any damage was done.

Bridge for Sale.

The county commissioners offer for sale the bridge at Burbank's crossing. The bridge contains some good lumber and iron. It can be taken down as soon as the new bridge arrives. For particulars call on or address the county commissioners at the court house.

An Interesting Letter.

Golden, Colorado.

EDITOR OF THE MINER:—

For one wishing an even day climate there is no place better than Colorado. We have here an average, for the past twenty years, of three hundred and fifty-seven sunshiny days in the year.

By this we do not mean that the sun shines all of these days, for occasionally we get showers and clouds but these are soon driven away by sunshine.

We have tried California and, comparing the two states, believe Colorado to be better for those afflicted with tuberculosis, asthma or catarrh. First, there is not so much moisture in Colorado as in California. Second, the country being at so much higher elevation, the air is purer. Third, we don't get the continual hot weather of California which is so enervating.

As for the business outlook for Colorado, think it is as good as in Pennsylvania, and much better than in California. Anyone liking ranch work could strike no better place than Colorado. Take for example Easley's Fruit Ranch, twelve miles from Denver, at the foot of the Rocky Mountain range. He has thirty acres under ditch or irrigation, which he has set to apples, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries and other berries. Besides these he raises vegetables quite extensively among which are sweet corn, string beans, peas, watermelons, cantaloupes, tomatoes, onions, and lastly, what pays the best of all is a one third-acre of asparagus from which he has sold already nearly one hundred dollars worth and the season not nearly over yet. He expects eight hundred crates of twenty-four quarts each of cherries and two hundred crates of strawberries. His cherries never sell for less than nine cents per quart.

Mr. Easley also raises alfalafa, of which he cuts three crops per year, and wheat which is cut green for hay. One can easily see for himself what the prospects of a farmer in Colorado are.

Land here sells at about two hundred dollars per acre, but close to Denver vegetable land is worth one thousand dollars per acre. There are still thousands of acres of land that could be purchased at a very low figure, but this is mostly without water or nearly so. One attempting to cultivate this has to depend entirely on rain, which is not to be depended on.

Mountain land for pasture brings about ten dollars per acre, the best of it, while a great amount of it is worthless unless for minerals of which the mountains are pretty well stocked within twenty-five miles from here. The minerals consist principally of gold, silver and copper and are mined by shafts being let down from the surface of the mountain to the main tunnels running into the mountain horizontally.

There are great quantities of soft coal in Colorado which costs about three dollars and seventy-five cents per ton. Wood is worth about four dollars per cord.

As for cost of living in Colorado, one can buy groceries just as cheap or perhaps cheaper than in Pennsylvania. Our best flour costs us now one dollar and twenty cents per sack; butter, twenty-five cents; eggs, twenty cents; sirloin steak, fifteen cents, and sugar as anywhere. Other things, owing to nearness of beet sugar factories, run about the same in prices as in Pennsylvania.

Wages here run about twenty-five dollars per month and board for ranch hands, or thirty-five dollars and vegetables and fruit furnished, but board himself. Day labor is from a dollar and a half to one seventy-five. Clerks and business men get wages about the same as in Pennsylvania.

In conclusion anyone desiring a change from wet Pennsylvania climate for a high, dry climate and where chances are as good or better than any where in the East, better come to Colorado.

M. L. YOUMANS.

The Fourth at Bradford.

The Glorious Fourth will be observed at Bradford by a grand celebration. Everything possible will be done to assure the comfort and entertainment of all visitors.

Features of the day will be a sham battle and Battalion Drill by the Corry, Warren, Ridgway and Bradford companies of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, under command of Major A. D. Burns; $2,000 display of daylight and night fireworks; a grand parade to include military, industrial and fantastic features; athletic sports and contests, including a baseball game between Bradford and Smethport, sack races, shoe race, wheelbarrow races, climbing greased pole, etc., etc. Prizes will be awarded to all winners.

There will be band concerts, morning, afternoon and evening. Reduced rates and excursion trains on all railroads. Everybody is invited to assist in the celebration.

Horsemen's summer goods of all kinds, a complete stock of lap robes, horse blankets, horse whips, wagon umbrellas. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DETAILS OF BIG BATTLE

The Russians Suffered Defeat on Sunday and Monday.

LOSSES REPORTED ARE SEVERE

Japs Have Captured Three Forts After Hard Fighting—A War Correspondent Killed.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg dated June 29 says: The details of the defeat of Russians by Japanese forces in mountain passes of Manchuri, June 26 and 27, are beginning to arrive.

The details show the defense put up by the Russians in the different positions was most stubborn. In his description of the Talien-Pass struggle, a correspondent says: "The Russian batteries poured a heavy fire into the dense masses of Japanese cavalry, producing great confusion. Their firing ceased at dusk Sunday, but the Japanese worked throughout the night bringing up their guns, preparing for Monday's battle. During Monday's fight, the Russian artillery center and right, held out until they exhausted their ammunition and shells. The Japanese then brought up their siege guns and opened fire, which was terribly effective. Many Russian gunners were killed as they worked. The Russian losses during the two days' fighting were very heavy.

Tokio, June 29.—It is reported that a force of Japanese captured three forts to the southeast of the Port Arthur defences on Saturday last.

Hai Cheng, June 28.—The war picture has quickly changed, thanks to Gen. Kuroki's movements. A heavy engagement is expected to-morrow near the village of Si-Mou-Cheng, 15 miles southeast of Hai Cheng and an equal distance due east of the railway. The Japanese have now passed Dalin Hill and are 20 miles south of the Russian position. The Associated Press correspondent returned here from Ta Tche Kiao at dawn to-day. A terrible rain rendered the roads almost impassable. The Russian regiments are camped on high grounds. Signal fires from the hill tops are constantly flaring, lighting up the bivouacs and the horse lines of the cavalry regiments. Long trains of soldiers are constantly passing and repassing. The Russian troops are in excellent condition. Gen. Kuropatkin and his staff are apparently quite easy in their minds. The Japanese have given the Russians time to strengthen their base and flank, while Gen. Kuroki is not as secure as from a flank attack. Gen. Kuroki cannot get around the Russian position without forcing a fight.

It is reported that Edward L. Knight, a correspondent of the London Morning Post, has been killed at Wafang-Tun. Henry J. Middleton, an American war correspondent connected with the Associated Press, died Sunday from enteric dysentery.

The Russians sustained heavy losses at a battle near the entrance of Port Arthur. The Russians with a fleet of 6 battleships, five cruisers and 4 torpedo boat destroyers, were attacked by the Japs on June 23 and the latter sank one battleship and disabled another. Prince Uhtomsky and 750 men lost their lives.

The New Postal Law.

The new postoffice appropriation bill contains this provision:

"On and after July 1, letter carriers of the rural free delivery service shall receive a salary not exceeding $720 per annum, and no other or further allowance or salary shall be made to said carriers; and on and after said date said carriers shall not solicit business or receive orders of any kind from any person, firm or corporation, and shall not, during their hours of employment, carry any merchandise for hire, provided that said carriers may carry merchandise for hire for and upon the request of patrons residing upon their respective routes whenever the same shall not interfere with the proper discharge of their official duties, and under such regulations as the postmaster general may prescribe."

It is not the intention of congress or of the postoffice department to prevent or prohibit rural carriers from doing any errands which their patrons may request them to do and for which they are willing to pay them. The object is to prohibit carriers from taking orders or in any way acting as paid agents for or representatives of outdoor firms doing business through the medium of mail or otherwise. They are also prohibited from carrying daily newspapers under some of the systems now prevailing in the rural service and can only carry them after they have been regularly addressed to the several subscribers and mailed as any other matter is mailed.

For Rent.

A pretty flat in a central location. Newly papered. Terms reasonable. For particulars call at the MINER office, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died—At his residence in Fargo, Dakota, March 30, 1874, Hon. James Hussey, in the 36th year of his age. The deceased was a son of Mr. Morgan Hussey of Keating township, and his earlier years were spent here. Commencing life without aid he supported himself by manual labor and by teaching school while a student at the Academy and afterwards at college. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the army, and suffered in a rebel prison hardships which have finally caused his death. He left the service with the brevet rank of Major, and engaged in the practice of law at Corry, soon removing to Duluth, Minn., where he was made Circuit Judge of that District, finally going to Fargo in the hope of benefiting his health. An able lawyer and a useful and enterprising citizen, he has been cut short in a career of unusual success and promise.

Colegrove—On Wednesday evening, July 15, 1874, of scarlet fever, Sammy P., son of Jonathan and Hattie Colegrove, aged 7 years 6 months and 7 days.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The picnic last Wednesday for the benefit of the Farmers Valley church was, we are told, a very pleasant and successful affair. The only event to mar the pleasure of the occasion was the runaway of Ed. McCoy's team, but which we are happy to say resulted in no greater injury than the demolishing of the carriage. As a reverenable relict of "ye olden time" even the loss of the carriage is worthy of more than passing notice.

Last Friday Mr. B. L. Knapp and Mr. John B. Taylor were at Alton. A couple of men at that place, seeing that they had a good deal of money with them, thought to possess themselves of the "swag." They took the most expeditious way of knocking them down to accomplish their purpose, and relieved Mr. Taylor of over $70. Mr. Knapp came immediately home and secured the services of Deputy Sheriff Chadwick with whose assistance one of the robbers was captured and lodged in jail. The money was also retaken and returned to Mr. Taylor.

We regret to hear of the death of Rev. C. F. Lewis, who has for some months, until quite recently, been pastor in charge of the Episcopal church at this place. He died at his home in Wakeman, Ohio, and leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. He was a man of fine education and many excellent qualities, and notwithstanding some pardonable peculiarities was as faithful and zealous a pastor as ever labored in the church.

Mr. William Tenney, one of the oldest surviving residents of Lafayette township, passed away on the 25th ult., after a life of suffering for more than thirty years. He bore with Christian patience the most severe bodily afflictions to the end. Only a few days before his death, his pastor, on meeting him, and as they shook hands, said: "Well, father Tenny, how do you get along?" He replied, "Well, I am here," at the same time expressing the unmistakable evidence of contentment. He leaves many friends to mourn.

Wilder-Story.—At the house of the bride's parents, Marvin Creek, July 20, 1874, Mr. Dexter Wilder of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., and Miss Eva Story of Smethport, Pa.

As J. P. Wendell and A. S. Bishop were driving in a light buggy over the dugway this side of Larabee Flats last Monday, they were met by a boy driving a heavy wagon who, refusing to give any portion of the road, ran into and upset the buggy throwing out the occupants to the risk of their lives and damaging the vehicle very seriously. It was a piece of heedlessness or maliciousness on the part of the boy deserving the punishment, and Mr. Wendell proposes to make his father pay the damage, and let him take the cost out of his boy in any manner he chooses.

Burley-Shedd—On Monday, August 31st, 1874, at the Methodist parsonage, Smethport, Pa., by Rev. J. L. Rushbridge, Mr. Burley to Miss Eliza Shedd, both of Cole Creek, Pa.

Important Notice.

Attention is called to the laws of Pennsylvania forbidding the sale of the toy pistol and cannon crackers. The total number of casualties in the United States resulting from these deadly weapons for last year amounted to 4,849. The State Board of Health has sent a circular letter to me urging me to preserve order and as the 4th is near at hand I therefore forbid the sale of any such weapons or exalosives under penalty of the law.

Chas. McKean
Burgess.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Another Veteran Gone.

John Dehn, a well-known and highly respected farmer of Wrights, died at his home last Tuesday evening, after an illness of but an hour's duration, at the age of 66 years.

The deceased was born in Germany in 1838 and at an early age came to this country with his parents and settled in Clermont, but for the last quarter of a century he has resided on the Dehn farm on Portage Creek. In 1844 he was married to Miss Miami Dehn, who, with two brothers, survive him. He was an uncle of C. Herzog of this place.

The following from the Port Allegany Reporter is a good account of his brilliant war record: Mr. Dehn was a veteran of the civil war and as a member of the 1st Minnesota, historically known as the Iron Brigade by reason of its unswerving fidelity and pluck, distinguished himself at Gettysburg as color sergeant of his regiment. Three of his comrades had been shot down bearing the flag well to the front, and the blood soaked emblem was on the ground when young Dehn sprang forward, hat off and breast bare, seized the flag and carried it on to the point where the victory was won though a rebel bullet cut off the middle finger of the right hand broke the flagstaff and shattered his right wrist. The arm was amputated at the hospital later. At the anniversary of the battle and the reunion of surviving members of the Iron Brigade at Gettysburg last year, Mr. Dehn was present and honored and praised on every hand, and on the monument then dedicated to the memory of the regiment's fallen heroes, was placed a medallion of the profile of John Dehn, the young Dutchman who finally carried the flag victorious to that point on the battlefield.

The funeral was held last Friday morning and the interment was made in the Colegrove cemetary.

Base Ball Notes.

Efforts are being made to organize a four team base ball league to comprise the towns of Mt. Jewett, Eldred, Roulette and Smethport, and a schedule has been drawn up for each team to play one game a week and the season to be from July 18 to Sept. 28. The teams would be strictly amateur and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of each game would go towards paying club deficits, league expenses and pennant flag. According to the schedule Smethport would have games at home on July 23, August 2, 19 and 25 and Sept. 1 and 14.

Orvis Hemphill of Emporium is gaining an enviable reputation as a pitcher. At Driftwood recently he allowed but two hits off his delivery in nine innings and struck out fifteen of the opposing batters.

"Buke" Servatius has joined Austin for the balance of the season, as has also Walter Daniels, who has been playing with the local team this season.

Fisher's Pets succeeded in downing Salamanca last Saturday at Port Allegany with the assistance of some of Coudersport's players.

Walter Blair, who pitched for Coudersport in the McKean-Potter league last season, has signed with the Wellsville team.

Smethport plays two games on Monday, at Bradford in the morning and Mt. Jewett in the afternoon.

Ridgway defeated Mt. Jewett last Thursday to the tune of 12 to 1.

Roulette has two ball teams.

How Business Booms the Town.

When the Potter Enterprise editor was in Wellsville a few hours recently, he asked one of the leading business men the secret of their success in being able to keep the town prosperous and constantly improving. His quick answer was: "The business men here all stand together and patronize our newspapers liberally. We feel that our newspapers are a part of our very life and existence and we do everything possible to make them prosperous and they in turn publish anything we want them to for the benefit of our community. The result is that they keep pegging away and in every issue the town is boomed more or less and we get double returns for all the patronage we give our papers. In my opinion a business man is very near sighted who fails to run an advertisement in his home papers. The papers are constantly booming the town in which they are published and in the course of a year do the place a great deal of good. A town is invariably judged by strangers by the enterprise of its newspapers and it is impossible to estimate the number of people who are attracted to a place by its newspapers. Yes sir, in my opinion we owe much of the success of our thriving town to the success of the newspapers. All of our business men stand loyally by our papers. In this we all work together and as a result accomplish something that is of general benefit."—Enterprise.

For Sale.

25 cloth bound volumes of Scott's works for $15. All new. Inquire at this office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Her Lesson

By C. B. LEWIS.

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There was but one passenger to alight at Snow Hill, on the Southern Pacific road, and in the cattle and Indian country, and that was Miss Bessie Vaughn of Chicago. Her schoolmate, Nettie Linn, whose father owned and managed the big Long Branch, and who was now living with him out in the wilds, had written that a person would meet Bessie at Snow Hill with a buckboard and bring her safely to the ranch. The person proved to be a young man of twenty-five, dressed as a cowboy, but having rather a distinguished look about him. While he was hoisting along the platform and yet thirty feet away the girl acknowledged to herself that his features were good and that his face showed character and ambition. Perhaps it was for those reasons that, while he was covering the other thirty feet, Miss Bessie suddenly decided that he ought to be snubbed.

"This is Miss Vaughn of Chicago, I presume," he said as he lifted his hat and smiled a welcome.

What right had he to presume? By what right did he smile a welcome and seem ready to shake hands? The girl looked coldly at him and slightly nodded her head, and that was snub No. 1. The young man took it so, but, though he colored up, he did not lose his smile.

"You will give me your checks, please, and I will put your trunks aboard and we will be off."

There was a touch of authority in his tones that settled the girl, and she turned away, and delivered up the checks with her own hand. She would also have loaded the trunks on the vehicle if she had been strong enough. Snub No. 2 had followed fast on the heels of snub No. 1.

"We have fifteen miles to drive and the road is rather rough," observed the young man as they got seated.

No reply. Snub No. 3.

"I take it that you have never visited cattle country before," was remarked as the coach had left a mile behind.

"But I trust you will find novelty and pleasure."

Miss Vaughn looked straight ahead and said her teeth hard. What was it to her if Colonel Lord's hired man whether she enjoyed the west or not? The tone was presumptuous, and she meant her silence to be another snub. Whether it was so taken or not, it was not more than five minutes before a voice which had a touch of the patronizing in it remarked:

"You don't look overwell, and a couple of months of this bracing atmosphere will do you a world of good."

"Sir, are you a practicing physician?" asked Miss Bessie as she turned to look the young man square in the eyes.

"Well, no," he slowly replied.

"Then you need not bother to take charge of my health."

That was what the boy would have called a settler, and it hung the young man up for the next ten minutes. Which is unfortunate, however, it was as it left us and began.

"It was my duty, Miss Vaughn," he quietly said, as he joined with his whip in the tune of the horses' hoofs around the [illegible] for two years."

Miss [illegible] extremely surprised it [illegible] fell [illegible] hoofs.

"[illegible] killed twelve [illegible] and left the ground [illegible]

At that point in [illegible] one of the wheels [illegible] and she found herself sitting [illegible] ground. She shuddered at the [illegible] had been spared [illegible] hadn't. She shuddered, indeed, at the whole affair.

"And over there in that valley is where a dozen of steers ran over and trampled a life out of one of our men last spring. We couldn't even find [illegible]

Miss Vaughn looked straight ahead and made no reply.

"Are you [illegible] because [illegible] you, Miss? If [illegible] are [illegible] a mile wide and ten feet deep in May? We lost a thousand head of stock in that flood."

Still no reply. It was sixth after snub and she meant to live him out. This time the silence lasted for fifteen minutes, and she it was who broke it at last. The horses had shied at a coyote looking for cover and started away on a tearing gallop. The young man stood them on the trail, but made not the slightest effort to check the pace. On the contrary, he hummed a popular air as they laid down to their work. The visitor stood it as long as she could, and then turned and exclaimed:

"Can't you see that the horses are running away?"

"I have seen it for some time past," he quietly replied.

"Then why don't you stop them?"

"I will if you so wish, but a run of a few miles won't hurt them any."

She did wish it from the bottom of her heart, for the vehicle was jumping like a goat, and it took both hands to hold her hat on her head, but she gritted her teeth and decided to be smashed into kin before she would prefer the request. The horses ran for three or four miles and then sobered down, and the young girl felt that she had snubbed the young man again by not being afraid.

"Who is that man you sent to the depot after me?" she asked of her schoolmate almost before she had taken off her hat.

"Who? Why, that's Tom. I'll formally introduce you some day."

"You needn't mind. I found him rather presumptuous and had to snub him."

"Tom presumptuous? Why, he's the nicest"—

And then she suddenly skipped to some other subject, and Tom was forgotten till the next day, when he was [illegible] Miss Bessie as she was done for a moment and ask:

"What sort of a gait do you prefer in a horse—a trot or a lope? I want to select one for you today."

"Thank you, but you needn't go to any trouble on my account," was the reply, and Tom ought to have felt duly crushed as he walked away.

He was not seen again for four days, duty having called him away. The two girls rode out every day on ponies selected for them, and on the fourth occasion something happened. The pony ridden by Miss Bessie suddenly bolted, and when she found him beyond control she could only cling to the saddle and hope he would tire himself out after running a couple of miles. But he didn't. He kept a straight course and a headlong gallop for mile after mile, and the girl was thinking of throwing herself from the saddle when a cow pony ranged up beside her, a hand grasped her loose rein, and a voice said in her ear:

"Keep your head, Miss Vaughn. I could pull him down and end his run here, but there is need of even more speed."

"What is it?" she asked as she turned her head and saw Tom Nestle near her.

"Indians! There are five or six in chase of us, and I am racing for that hill with the rocks on it. Cling tightly, and don't be afraid."

After a terrific race for another mile both animals were suddenly pulled up, and, dismounting and lifting the girl from the saddle, Tom had pulled her up the steep side of the hill to the shelter of the rocks.

"We are all right now," he cheerfully said. "But you keep crouched down till I have a little talk with these noble red men."

The "talk" was his Winchester, and before it was over he had killed one and wounded another. Their loss together with the alarm of the firing, sent the remaining Indians scurrying away.

At the ranch house, after the story had been told, Miss Bessie asked for the second time:

"Who is this man Tom?"

"Why, he's an old Yale man and belongs to one of the best families in the east. He came out here for his health, you see. Did you have to snub him badly today?"

"I—I don't think so."

"But are you going to some other dance?"

"No, never again. I'm so sorry and ashamed and I think—think"—

"Well, there's a rumor afloat, and it may be true."

A Carlyle Letter.

Carlyle's letter declining to give a valedictory address as lord rector of Edinburgh university is in Dundee museum. It is a mournful, kindly letter of little general interest, except perhaps in its somewhat conventional advice to the students:

"Bid them in my name, if they still love me, fight the good fight and quit themselves like men in the warfare to which they are as it conscript and consecrated and which lies ahead. Tell them to consult the eternal oracles (not yet inaudible, nor ever to become so), when worthily inquired of and to distrustard, cleanly altogether, in comparison, the temporary noises, menacings and deliriums. May they love wisdom as well—yea if she is to yield her treasures must be loved ploddy, patiently, humbly, beyond life itself or the praise of the world or one's heart and all one's soul. In that case I will say it shall go well with them also, my young friends, young ardent."

Hunting with Falcons.

Hunting with falcons was revived in Scotland some years ago by Sir Henry Peek-Ibbetson, a writer on field sports says: The falconers had an old setter dog which could still be found at covey of partridges. The falconer then threw off a hawk, which rose in circles till very high, then hovered above the dog. The dog looked up to see if the hawk was ready and then ran in and roused the birds. Swoop went the hawk. If he missed, the birds generally went into a hedge and the hawk soared again and hovered over the birds. The old dog then went off after them and got another point. If the hawk killed his bird the falconer went up to it and picked it up; if not, he had to fetch the bird with the lure, a dummy bird with a bit of pigeon on it. He called the hawk Killy, Killy, Votreok," a sort of view halloo, and hurled the lure in the air. The hawk stooped to it and began to eat the pigeon, and he then succeeded in picking it up."

An Empty Invitation.

An Englishwoman traveling in Mesopotamia tells this experience of her party: "The cook came in with a pleasing expression. 'What will you have for supper?' he asked. 'What can we have?' we answered, with the caution arising from long experience of limited possibilities. 'What you wish,' he said, with much assurance and affability, as if he was presenting a huge bill of fare. I knew what one could expect in these places. 'Fowl,' I said. 'There is not one left here,' he answered. 'Eggs, then,' I suggested, with the humor of desperation. 'No fowl, how eggs?' he answered, with pitying superiority. 'Well, we will have what there is,' I said faintly. 'There is nothing,' he answered."

Then He Went.

Unwelcome Suitor—That's a lovely song. It always carries me away. She—If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both I would have sung it earlier in the evening.

The Usual Formula.

It makes no difference how small a boy is, when his mother scolds him she always says, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big boy like you!"

He who commits an injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

When a real meek man gets good and mad, he comes mighty near having fits.—Atchison Globe.

OUT OF WORK.

Remedy of Unemployment of the Man Who Is Aging.

The tragedy of unemployment deepens in the case of those men who are visibly aging, passing prematurely in to that condition when society has no other use nor demand for their services. The development of the modern city life in its feverish thirst for gain sucks up the activities of the young. Work can always be found for the children. But the man of forty has already become suspect. At fifty threads evidently stretching before him, the bleak old age of the unwanted poor. The despairing clutch of the aging at any degrading occupation which before they would have scorned is one of the commonest and pitifulest sights of modern life. I think of those whom I have known, those who dye their hair to keep the appearance of youth, the applicants for positions, their efforts toward respectability, the fair linen coat, the shabbiness concealed, the attempt, always so grotesque and ineffective, to strike the right note between a dignity that will command respect and an eagerness that will become a mere handmaid, pleading for aid.

I remember one with a record of over thirty years' consistent service, exhibiting hands twisted and gnarled with disease, who stumbles daily through his work with the help of kindly comrades, fearing each day to be detected. Though the work itself is an agony, the one guide fear is not that she shall be compelled but that he shall be forbidden to continue. I think of others tucked away out of sight in the cubbyhole of tenement dwellings, aloof from the active machinery of the world, who cannot quite bring themselves to join the unemployed processions to solicit a promiscuous charity of the crowd, who cling to the desperate hope that one day the mind will lighten, the miracle happen that some one will be found desiring their services. This is in no manner an ideal condition, with difficulty supporting its children, but amid wealth pushing into its borders beyond the dreams of mediæval splendor, yet even poverty as sad only be paralleled in the later days of Rome. Judgment on Rome.

Guard the Mouth.

Remember the disgust which overspreads the face of a refined man when a certain man seems to give his poodle a drink from the public drinking glass. No one else touched it, indeed that pet, but it is more dangerous and not less disgusting to drink after human beings than a dog. Fortunately most disease germs die easily and it is chiefly by the quite direct means of contact just suggested that the contagious diseases pass from one to another. If we put nothing into the mouth except what belongs there, we might ride in a car with a diphtheria patient and run no chance of catching the disease. Disease germs do not fly about seeking whom they may devour. The matter of protection is largely in our own hands.—Good Housekeeping.

Hopeless Case.

The forceful man was restraining himself with a smile on his cheerful face when he was accosted by a friend.

"Look here," said the man. "Why in the world are you carrying two umbrellas?"

"Why, let me think," said the forceful man. "Oh, yes. I know now. I happened to be in a meeting and the chairman was about to introduce me as a speaker, and I thought I'd leave them in case I stopped in anywhere and happened to forget one of them."

Tripped in Arabic.

Trying an ancient remedy is not always an agreeable experiment, judging from the experience of a French artist. He had bought a quaint old bottle, and put it on his own head to judge the effect. Unfortunately he touched a spring, the visor shut down suddenly, and, being alone in the study, he could not free himself from the mediæval head covering without help. At last he ran into the street, where his appearance created considerable amusement till a charitable passer managed to set him free.—Tour Glass.

An Odd Estate.

A great globe constructed with the map of the earth carved in stone decorates the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plain surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with Scriptural texts, which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

A Short Story.

Chapter I.—"I think you are just the bestest, goodest husband in all the world!"

Chapter II.—"I wonder how much she wants?"

Chapter III.—"And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to?"

The Business Man.

"Don't you think he rather likes me?"

"Oh, well enough to consent to your marriage to his daughter, but I don't think you'd better try to borrow any money from him."—Chicago Post.

Limit For a Friend in Need.

A friend in need is a good thing, sometimes, but I always make the limit $5.—Field and Stream.

If a man has any sense at all in his love affairs, he loses it when he scents a rival.—Atchison Globe.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as Bromo-Persis.—Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, Bromo-Persis is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at 10c cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

Ant Colonies.

An ant nest or colony arises from eggs laid by one or more "queens." The developing young are tended by the restless workers, or "workers." The maggot, or larval ants, are fed by them, often nourished out of the nurses' mouths, and are so carefully watched in respect of the temperature and other conditions of the nurseries as are infantile human beings. When full development occurs the pupæ change into ants, which are either winged or wingless. The latter are the "neuters," or workers. They may develop big jaws and appear as the "soldiers" of the colony. Those which are winged are the founders of new colonies. They are of both sexes and they produce the eggs whence the new generations will be evolved.

The Dog Whipper.

An old church official in England was the dog whipper, who was employed in driving or removing dogs from the various churches and who is often alluded to in vestry accounts as, for example, "paid the dog whipper 10 shillings," "to Widdow Sandys the yeare's salery for dogs whipping 5 shillings." Implements known as dog tongs were also used by these dog whippers, many of them being spiked at the end and capable of giving a cruel grip. They are still preserved in some of the old churches.

The Conclusion.

"What conclusion did your literary and debating society reach last night?"

"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual: chicken salad, ice cream and 'Good night.' Had a perfectly lovely time."—Washington Star.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

DISEASED KIDNEYS MADE WELL AGAIN.

Mr. Tompkins Had Been Troubled for Years, But Calcura Solvent Cured Him

Write for a Small Free Bottle.

A letter from Nathaniel Tompkins, of Windham Centre, N. Y., says:

"Today you can ask what has made me feel ten years younger and I will tell you. It was the new medicine discovered by the well-known Dr. David Kennedy. I mean Calcura Solvent. For years I was troubled with my kidneys, but I am all right now."

That is the experience of thousands. Dr. Kennedy said he regarded his new medicine as the culminating achievement of his life, and he was right. Calcura Solvent enriches the blood, aids digestion, regulates the bowels and sets the liver at work. It is mild, but thorough. Its effects are lasting.

Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Calcura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (only one size) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities both under court and personal appointment,

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgages, Registrar of Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts Respectfully solicited.

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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED GENERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a splendid formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

$50,000.00

Cash Given Away to Users of

LION COFFEE

We are going to be more liberal than ever in 1904 to users of *Lion Coffee.* Not only will the Lion-Heads, cut from the packages, be good, as heretofore, for the valuable premiums we have always given our customers, but

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

the same Lion-Heads will entitle you to estimates in our *$50,000.00 Grand Prize Contests,* which will make some of our patrons rich men and women. You can send in as many estimates as desired. There will be

TWO GREAT CONTESTS

The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the *St. Louis World's Fair;* the second relates to *Total Vote For President* to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. *$20,000.00* will be distributed in each of these contests, making *$40,000.00* on the two, and, to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

to the one who is *nearest correct on both contests,* and thus your estimates have two opportunities of winning a big cash prize.

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2 cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote in either contest:

Printed blanks to vote on found in every Lion Coffee Package. The 2 cent stamp covers the expense of our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded.

WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST

What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1893, the attendance was 283,273. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST

What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s office, Toledo, O., on or before Nov. 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate; second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

4279—PRIZES—4279

Distributed to the Public—aggregating $45,000.00—in addition to which we shall give $5,000 to Grocers' Clerks (see particulars in LION COFFEE cases) making a grand total of $50,000.00.

COMPLETE DETAILED PARTICULARS IN EVERY PACKAGE OF

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

JUST IN TIME.

A motorman in Chicago ran his car onto the approach of an open bridge but stopped it with the fender actually overhanging the gulf below. He wouldn't want to repeat the experiment because the chances are that he'd never again have the same good fortune.

Once in a while some one who has traveled to the very edge of the danger line of stomach disease stops just in time to save his health. But the majority of people go across the line, and slight symptoms of indigestion grow to disease of the stomach, involving the other organs of digestion and nutrition.

Indigestion and other forms of stomach "trouble" are perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the whole body by enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"I have been suffering for about eight years," writes Mrs. H. Pierce, of Millsprings, Ky. "Have had several doctors to treat me—some for female weakness and others for stomach trouble, but received no relief. When I wrote you for advice I was hardly able to work, and you advised me what to do. I took nine bottles, five of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' four of 'Favorite Prescription,' also two vials of the 'Pellets.' Dr. Pierce's medicines will do all that you claim for them. Believe I would have been in my grave if I had not taken them."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE

I am now better prepared than ever to supply the wants of all needing anything in General Hardware. Have a new and complete stock of seasonable goods, such as Refrigerators, Shepard's Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Wheeler's Self-Fitting Adjustable Window Screens, Screen Cloth, Poultry Netting, Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Dairy Supplies, Hunt's 1904 Cream Separators, Gas Ranges, Hot Plates and Ovens, Paints, Brushes, Oils and Varnishes, Crockery and Glassware, Spalding's Official Base Ball and Athletic Goods.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—H. W. Strong changes his advertisement this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Olmstead, Monday, a daughter.

—The Lindholm Company offers some bargains in low shoes in their advertisement to-day.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett has something of interest in her new advertisement in another column.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford is having a summer term. Students can enter at any time.

—The picnic club gave a six o'clock dinner for Mrs. J. Scott Walker at St. Luke's parish house last Friday.

—St. Luke's choir has been enlarged by the addition of many new members and is rendering some excellent music at the services.

—Mr. Fred D. Wasmer and Miss D. Maud Moon, two well-known Port Allegany young people, were united in marriage last week.

—Albert K. Hubbard, a Kane young man, has received the appointment of assistant professor of civil engineering in the University of Kansas.

—The Gold Eagle Hotel at Eldred, owned by William Ogilvie, was entered by burglars last Thursday night and a quantity of whiskey and cigars were taken.

—James A. McKean is having a new stone walk placed in front of his residence on West Main street. Other property owners are contemplating the same move.

—A patriotic service in which national anthems will be sung is to be held next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "The Hand of God in Our History" is the subject for the morning.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The twenty-fourth anniversary sermon will be at the morning service. Special music, including Custance's new Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, at the evening service.

—Levant Nutting died at the Bradford hospital last Saturday morning from the result of injuries received in the explosion at Bradford which destroyed the Sheckles residence on June 18, mention of which was made in this paper. He was aged 70 years and is survived by a wife and two daughters.

—Sheriff Mays arrested John Butterfield of Washington street yesterday afternoon, on a bench warrant issued by Judge Bonton, and took him to Smethport, where he was lodged in the county jail. The defendant pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license last year in court and was released upon suspended sentence. Recently it has been alleged that he has been a transgressor again in a similar respect, and it was decided to take him into custody.—Friday's Bradford Era.

The Telltale.

That was an embarrassing position in which a fashionable New York woman found herself recently. She was invited to a wedding, but did not think either of her hats was good enough for the occasion. So she visited her milliner's and had an exceedingly costly affair sent home on trial. She wore it at the wedding and the next day drove to the milliner's and returned it, saying it did not suit. It happened that the hatmaker, who quite understood the situation, had been similarly tried several times of late. "Did you not wear this hat at the Blank wedding yesterday?" she asked bluntly. Taken by surprise, the society woman owned up, but asked, "How did you know?" "Oh, it was quite easy. I see several grains of rice in the folds of the lace."

A Gruesome Kaffir Custom.

A writer on the Kaffirs of South Africa says: "A Pondo chief in very olden days on accession to the throne would kill one of his brothers and wash in his blood to strengthen himself and then would keep his medicines in the skull of the dead brother, a practice which raised the power of the medicine to the 9th, as mathematicians would say. If a warrior of conspicuous bravery is killed in war his body is made into medicine and administered to the young men to make them brave, a practice which may well have been the basis of cannibalism."

Of More Interest.

Mabel—Jack is always talking to me about the depth of his love. Belle—The depth wouldn't interest me so much as the length.—Philadelphia Record.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

No Trifling Detail.

Miss Truesoe—Am I to understand, papa, that everything is settled in regard to my wedding? Mr. Truesoe—Yes, my dear, everything—but the bills!—Chicago Journal.

Explained.

Piker—Why did they call the mediæval period the "dark ages?" Professor—Because it was knight time.—Cornell Widow.

CONJURERS OF INDIA

THEIR FEATS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OUR MAGICIANS.

The Wonders That an English Officer Saw Performed by a High Caste Hindoo—Herrmann's Pigeon Trick That Bewildered the Orientals.

The wonderful tales that have been told of the feats of Hindoo conjurers doubtless derive much of their effect from the inability of untrained observers to report truly what they have seen. An ordinary trick of sleight of hand may be so described in all sincerity by one having no knowledge of the art as to be utterly inexplicable. A simple reversal of the sequence of movements may be sufficient to make the described feat an utter impossibility, and yet the relater will demand that you account for it as he thinks he saw it or admit that the dead or the devil had a hand in it.

Herrmann went to India to see for himself what the jugglers of the orient could do, hoping to pick up some wonderfully clever tricks, but he was utterly disappointed. Heller, Hertz, Kellar and other western magicians, I believe, had similar experiences in India. At least, none of them brought back any notable addition to his repertory of illusions. Herrmann told me that the Hindoo fakirs had a few stock tricks depending upon apparatus, such as the mangrove feat and the basket deception, but were not adept in pure sleight of hand. His feats of palming mystified them completely.

For example, a party of native jugglers boarded the steamship in port and performed some of their feats. Herrmann appeared before them with a live pigeon in his hand, twisted off the bird's head and threw the body over the ship's side and directed their attention to the severed head, which he then "vanished." He then held his empty hand outstretched, and the pigeon alighted upon his palm unhurt. The Hindoos were deeply impressed, but the trick was simple. The pigeon was a pet bird, trained to come to Herrmann's hand. When he pretended to twist its neck he tucked its head under its wing and brought into view a prepared head which had been palmed. Tossed over the side, the bird fell until it got its head out from under the wing, and so was lost to sight for a moment. While Herrmann was holding the attention of his audience by vanishing the fake head the pigeon was soaring to get its bearings, and it came to hand at the right time.

Yet there are travelers who aver that Herrmann and his fellows saw only the common jugglers of India and that the tales of oriental marvels are not all lies out of whole cloth. If their descriptions of what they profess to have seen are to be accepted as approximately accurate, there is a fine field for psychical research in Hindostan, and our western mystifiers have much to learn.

Some years ago I met a veteran of the British army who had served seventeen years in India and had seen many strange things in his time. His name was O'Farrell, and when he retired he was sergeant major of the Eighty-fourth regiment of foot. He was one of the garrison of Lucknow during the siege in the time of the sepoy mutiny and wore the "defense of Lucknow" medal. I told the veteran what Herrmann had said about Hindoo magic, and he replied that it was more than probable that nothing remarkable was done by the sort of fakirs one would be likely to see in a run about the country. But O'Farrell declared that he had seen tricks which could not be performed by sleight of hand nor explained by any theory based upon the methods of western conjurers, and he referred for specific corroboration to General A. Herbert, Sir Hayelock Allen, General Thomas Lightfoot, General Barton and other British officers of note, who, he averred, were present at a remarkable exhibition in Lucknow in April, 1859, and made notes of what they saw. I never have had an opportunity to verify the references.

Sergeant Major O'Farrell produced what he said was his diary of 1859, and from the entries then made he verified all the essential features of his narrative of an exhibition given by a native conjurer before the officers of the garrison at the request of Lieutenant Burns of the Royal artillery. The scene was one of the officers' mess rooms, selected without consultation with the performer.

"The conjurer," said the old soldier, "came without any apparatus or baggage other than a casket the size of a cigar box. He was a tall, dignified man about fifty-five years of age and evidently of high caste. He wore a turban, flowing white robe, white pajamas and red slippers. When he entered the room he bowed to his audience and then directed upon each person in turn the steady gaze of a remarkable pair of dark eyes. When he looked at me I could see only those lustrous eyes, and my perception of the surroundings became confused and vague.

"The man said nothing, but at a slight sign his single attendant opened the casket and took therefrom a cashmere shawl, which he spread upon the floor. The conjurer seated himself upon the shawl and asked in English for the loan of a rupee. Colonel Montgomery marked a coin and handed it to him, and the conjurer laid it upon the shawl. He raised the forefinger of his right hand, and the coin turned up on its edge. He waved his hand, and the coin spun across the floor some three or four yards. At a sign of the forefinger the rupee stopped spinning and stood on its edge. A slight wave of the hand and the coin danced back, stopped and vanished.

"An officer asked how the trick was done, and the man replied that he had done nothing. 'But we saw you,' persisted the adjutant. 'You thought you did,' replied the Hindoo, with a smile, 'but the colonel has the rupee in his pocket.' It was as he had said. All the time his gaze ranged from face to face of the audience.

"A white silk handkerchief was spread before us, and in a moment I saw hundreds of brilliant beetles of all colors crawling upon it. I nudged my neighbor, a noncom., and called his attention to the display. His head had been turned for an instant, and I feared he would miss the sight. Turning his gaze as I directed, he seemed puzzled for a moment, and then he muttered to me that he didn't see anything but a white handkerchief, and the next second the beetles faded from my sight, and I was not sure that I had seen them at all.

"The conjurer unwound a few feet of thread from a ball of spun cotton and cast the end into the air, where it seemed to float. Presently a cobra appeared beside him, its head elevated and gracefully swaying, its tongue darting out and in and its hood spread, showing the spectacle mark. At a sign the serpent glided up the thread, and balanced in midair, and at another sign it turned, swarmed down the vertical thread and disappeared the instant that it touched the floor.

"Lieutenant Burns had made two attempts to leave the room, but the Hindoo had caught his eye each time, and the officer's purpose seemed to fade from his mind. After the cobra trick, however, Burns managed to slip out, and when he came back the conjurer was sitting cross legged in the air, two or three feet above the floor, his left arm resting upon a short rod under cover of the shawl. Burns stepped quickly forward and snatched away the shawl. No rod was there, and the man was seated upon the floor, although I could have sworn an instant before that he was at least two feet above the floor.

"The diary shows that fourteen tricks were performed, all of them bewildering, concerning the details of which no two of us agreed exactly. The last was a striking one. The carpet around the seated conjurer became violently agitated, and presently a number of cobras, my diary says six, but others saw three, four or five, and a green snake appeared. They glided about the man, reared and struck at him, and the green snake twined about his neck. The Hindoo arose, drew from his girdle a long sword that certainly was not there a minute before and cut the serpents in pieces. The severed parts squirmed about, and the blood dyed the white shawl crimson. It was all done in silence, as things happen in a dream.

"At a nod the attendant gathered up the shawl by the corners, concealing the snakes and the blood, and at another sign he spread it out again as unspotted as new snow. No sign of the slaughtered reptiles remained.

"At the conclusion of the performance the man was urged to give some explanation of his feats, but he smiled and said he had done literally nothing. The officers insisted that they had seen things done, but he only shook his head, repeated, 'You thought so, but nothing whatever was done,' and went away."

The explanation obviously to be inferred from the veteran's manner of telling the story was hypnotic suggestion. He declined to commit himself either for or against that theory, said he had no explanation to offer, and would go no further than to say he thought he saw what he had described.

Hypnotism and telepathic suggestion are occult enough to appeal powerfully to the minds of those who deem the feats of spirit mediums worth investigating and, if one assumes the veracious accuracy of East Indian jugglery tales, should be mysteriously and pseudo scientific enough to explain the miracles of Mahatmas and Yogi.—Allen Kelly in New York Post.

Lofty Mountain Lakes.

The most lofty mountain lakes are found among the Himalaya mountains in Tibet. Their altitudes do not, however, seem to have been very accurately gauged, for different authorities give widely different figures regarding them. According to some, Lake Manasarowar, one of the sacred lakes of Tibet, is between 18,000 and 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, and if this is so it is undoubtedly the loftiest in the world.

Two other Tibetan lakes, those of Chatamoo and Surukol, are said to be 17,000 and 15,400 feet in altitude respectively. For a long time it was supposed that Lake Titicaca, in South America, was the loftiest in the world. It covers about 4,500 square miles, is 924 feet in its greatest depth and is 32,000 feet above the sea. In spite of the inexactitude with regard to the measurements of the elevation of the Tibetan lakes, they are no doubt considerably higher than this or any other.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Spouse of Heiress Takes Her Name.

According to old and established custom in Japan, the eldest child, whether male or female, must under all circumstances abide at and inherit the home. By this means a continuous succession is assured, and the estates cannot pass into the hands of strangers.

From this arrangement it follows of necessity that no eldest child can marry and live with an eldest child of the opposite sex. When an heiress weds, her husband must assume the family name.

A similar custom prevails in certain families among the people of the Basque provinces, in the north of Spain. An eldest son among them is not allowed to marry an eldest daughter, if both are firstborn. In this case, too, the husband of any eldest daughter takes up his residence under his wife's roof and adopts her name, which is thus transmitted to their children.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Hoot Woman!

Do ye noo ken the profits on your groceries will gie ye muckle glass and siller?

Such was the way that a Scotch grocer, who handles

C. R. Maltby Co.'s

Signature Brand Groceries

explained their value to one of his customers. Every package of tea, coffee, flour, fruit and other groceries which you buy with the signature of the C. R. Maltby Co. on it is worth money to you.

Ask your grocer for

Signature BRAND

every time you buy goods. Save your signatures—get our splendid premium catalogue showing cut-glass, china, furniture, etc., all of the finest quality which *you* can have free as part of your co-operative buying.

C. R. MALTBY CO., CORNING, N. Y.

For Sale by Gallup Grocery Co., Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1904.

THE State Editorial Association is in session at Williamsport this week.

As a result of the general falling off of business on the railroads the Baldwin locomotive works will lay off 5,000 men within a few days.

IT should be somebody's business to establish the truth or falsehood of Secretary Haygood's charge that "miners have been taken from the bullpens, hung by the neck until nearly dead, suspended by the thumbs and tortured with thumbscrews by an investigating committee." Whatever may be its sentiments with regard to labor disputes, the country will not permit this sort of thing. Can the Colorado miners' secretary make good?

INDEPENDENCE DAY will soon be here and it is undeniable the duty of our municipal authorities, and of the local governments everywhere in the United States, to supress the selling of the mischievous toy pistol which causes so many deaths from lockjaw; also to stop dealings in the pestilent cannon crackers and to regulate more carefully the displays of fireworks. Lockjaw is one of the most agonizing diseases known. Every year the toy pistol is the cause of a great many cases. Cannon crackers set numerous fires, and so many reckless men and boys play diabolical tricks with them that the manufacture and sale of these thunderous cylindrical bombs, especially in crowded cities, ought to be sternly suppressed. Not for generations will Americans be persuaded to celebrate the national anniversary with reasonable quiet and moderation and not too much destruction of property. These timely remarks are from the New York Tribune.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, 1904.

The President was early at his desk Thursday morning, attending to the every day humdrum labors of his official position, calm, serene and industrious, notwithstanding the Republican convention was in session at Chicago which would nominate him for the Presidency. At noon he had as a dinner guest for the second time Mr. Paul-Morton, who had again hurried from the west to talk over the situation. It is now understood that the President has induced him to accept the position of Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Moody becoming Attorney General. The President appoints Mr. Morton because he has a high opinion of his ability and thinks him the best man for the place. Mr. Morton's recent conversion to Republicanism is regarded as a good thing, and may have some influence on the vote in Nebraska. It is also recalled that Mr. Dominic I. Murphy, recently appointed Secretary of the Panama Commission, is a Democrat and under Cleveland was Assistant Commissioner of Pension. And Gen. Black, now Chief of the Civil Service Commission, was also a good Democrat in the days of Cleveland. Nevertheless, all three appointments have been well received and they help to break down party lines.

The President was sitting on the south porch of the White House when at 2:13 p. m. Thursday, his Secretary, Mr. Loeb, brought the telegram announcing the fact of his nomination. He received it calmly and coolly and was at once congratulated by his wife, and such members of his family as were present. The next telegram came in hot haste from Senator Fairbanks in which he said how glad he was to run on the same ticket with the President. A cordial reply followed. After this congratulations began to pour in from all quarters; from the Indiana delegation in Congress; from Whitelaw Reid; from Senators Aldrich, Alger, and even Senator Smoot, while the citizens of Oyster Bay said they were firing guns and illuminating their houses. The formal notification of the nomination will be made at Oyster Bay, July 27, for which place Mrs. Roosevelt left yesterday. The nominating speeches made at Chicago, and the platform adopted, give universal satisfaction and are regarded as of the highest character and of the utmost importance for not only Americans, but for all civilized nations.

Secretary Hay's dispatch to the American consul at Tangier on Wednesday, which electrified the Chicago Convention, also sent a welcome thrill throughout the country. It indicates that if Morocco did not use a little more dispatch, and secure the release of Perdicaris, the Government of the United States had the power and the purpose to enforce its demands, Mr. Perdicaris is not a "naturalized" citizen, as has been stated, but is a native American, born in Trenton, N. J. His father was at one time a professor in Harvard University. His release and return to Tangier yesterday gives high satisfaction to President Roosevelt.

After long consideration of the matter Public Printer Palmer has ordered $93,000 worth of type-setting machines to be installed in the Public Printing Office. He announces that no employees will be discharged by reason of this decision, but extra men will not be put on next winter. The machines will be used for putting in type the Congressional Records during the next session of Congress. Although Congress has stood adjourned for something like a month, the last issue of the Record is dated June 20, and contains a long, able and exhaustive speech on tariff by Congressman McCleary of Minnesota. He says there always has been a tariff, and there always will be one—because it is necessary to raise every year enormous sums of money, and because America is a Federal Republic, and there can be no direct taxation of the people by the National Government. Not one penny of State taxes goes into the Treasury of the United States. It is therefore necessary that there shall be a tariff on imported goods.

Charges having been made against E. C. Madden, 3rd. Asst. P. M. Gen. in connection with the printing and giving away of specimens of post office stamps, Asst. Atty. Gen. C. M. Robb has reported to the President that there was nothing irregular. Mr. Madden has since had a pleasant interview with the President.

The recent visit of Cardinal Satolli, to the President was quite a remarkable incident. He was received in the Blue Room of the White House, and besides the clergy of the Catholic Church who were present, the President was surrounded by Secretaries Taft, Moody and Hitchcock. He was felicitated by the Cardinal on his example of the highest wisdom and equity in those things which concerned the Government and religion in the Philippines. Because of this, and other things, the late pope died blessing the American people.

Yesterday there hurried through here for the twentieth time since adjournment that Republican orator and peacemaker Hon. Edward de V. Morrell the member whom Philadelphia sent down with 35,000 majority. Gen. Morrell is always warmly received here because he is a vigilant member of the District Committee in Congress and because he has not found the possession of great wealth incompatible with tremendous activity and energy as a publicist. He founded the St. Francis Industrial School at Eddington, Pa., where over 800 boys receive a practical industrail education. He has greatly interested himself in the progress of the colored race, having now before Congress a bill to prevent discrimination by railroads carrying passengers between states. A few years ago he and Mrs. Morrel bought of Philip St. George Cooke the magnificent manor of "Belmead" in Va. with its 1,000 acres, and established there an industrial school where 75 colored boys are taught practical farming, blacksmithing, carriage and wagon building, tailoring, shoemaking, painting, and milling.

Your correspondent asked Congressman Morrel "What about the political situation?" He said "All's well, and going to be better. Roosevelt will continue to give us a bold, prudent, honest, clean administration. I don't see any clouds in the sky calculated to excite apprehension or even anxiety. No President ever entered on a four years term under more auspicious conditions than our friend who has just now calmly heard good news at the White House." General Morrell expressed himself as particularly form, which call for the enforcement of justice without regard to color. "The Republican party is not afraid of doing right," he exclaimed as he hastened on to Belmead.

Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet is no unusal sight to see a mother, with a babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exsit, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boschee's German Syrup would put a stop to it in one? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup, so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25; large size 75c. At all druggests.

Special Low Rate to St. Louis.

$18.00 Buffalo to St. Louis and return, account National Democratic Convention. Tickets good 15 days. On sale July 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1904. See Local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove Smethport.

For Sale.

Chestnut, pacing mare, weight about 1000. Eight years old, safe for lady to drive, fearless of everything. Rubber tire buggy used two summers. Boston Comfort cutter used two winters, with robes, blankets and whip for full outfit. Price is a bargain. A. L. COLEGROVE.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, MINER office.

Girl Wanted.

A capable girl for general housework is wanted. Good wages. Address or apply to Mrs. Wm. B. Clarke.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

PERFECT CONTENTMENT

Children, as well as grown people, made healthy, happy and strong by taking Claro, the modern tonic-wine and tissue builder. Cures coughs, repairs digestion, produces sleep and creates healthy flesh.

At your Druggist

For Sale By
H. C. WELLS, Druggist.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

Perfection at Every Point.

Henderson Corsets look well, fit well and wear well. They're comfortable, they're stylish and if you'll call at my store I will show you the latest models at prices that will meet with your approval.

Commencing, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, I will put on sale 2,000 yds. silk ribbon, all widths and colors, at prices that will astonish you.

M. L. BISETT.
THE CITY STORE.

Westbrook Commercial Academy,
Olean, N. Y.

The School that Educates to Money Making.

A ten months' course here fits a young man to AT ONCE earn a larger salary than does a four years' course in any college or university, supplemented by the usual three years, special preparation. Ten months against seven years, to say nothing of the tremendous difference in expense! It is a positive fact—with hundreds of references for the proof. Young men stenographers and bookkeepers are at a premium. Our 23d school year will open September first.

Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, English and Spanish. Ask for rates and information. E. D. WESTBROOK, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all the news

GOING AWAY?

THIS KIND OF WEATHER BRINGS THE VACATION FEVER ON.

To enjoy your outing you must be rightly clothed Perhaps you need a new suit. If you do, see our

STRIPED FLANNELS AND SERGES

We have also some fine Rain and Top Coats.

Again don't forget our Haberdashery.

We have just the things you will need. Soft Shirts 50c to $1.00. Better ones up to all silk up to $1.25. Underwear, splendid quality blue, tan or gray, 50c to $1.00 per garment.

Fancy half hose, exclusive patterns, 15c to 50c.

Night Shirts, 50c to $1.00.

We always have the newest neckwear—brown and champagne colors.

Terhune Union Made Shoes, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN,

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor,

SMETHPORT. PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

WASH GOODS

WASH GOODS ARE PRICED RIGHT

I am offering fancy white goods in separate shirt waist patterns, 3½ yard lengths, for

$1.75

Have just received a new line of the well known Waldorf Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits. Call and look them over.

Gaze
Bourettes
Embroidered
Pineapple
Silk Ginghams
Wash Silks
Soiesettes
Dimities
White Goods
Etc.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

May 10, 1904. Fresh line of Groceries always on hand

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA

DRAPERIES THE LINDHOLM COMPANY CARPETS

Special Sale
Low Shoes
Low Prices

That's the way we are selling Oxfords during this sale. A few sizes sold out but we still have almost complete assortments of styles and sizes, but they're sure not to last long at these prices.

MEN'S OXFORDS.

$3.50 Patent Colt Oxfords, plain lace or Blucher cut. Now $2.48
$3.50 Veloures or Box Calf Oxfords. Blucher cut, Albany last. Now $2.69

LADIES' OXFORDS.

Queen Quality Patent Kid Oxfords. Never before sold for less than $3.00. Now $2.39
Queen Quality Bright Kid Oxfords. Patent tip. Every pair stamped $2.50. This sale $1.98
$2.25 Dorris Patent Colt Oxfords. Plain lace or Blucher cut. This sale $1.98

TRUNKS THE LINDHOLM COMPANY MEN'S FURNISHINGS

HAYING TOOLS.

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made 80c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for little money 50c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better 70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at ..... 5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all Standard Mowin Machines. Each 5c

We are agents for the

CHAMPION HAY RAKES.

These we believe are the best hay rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00, and the iron for $22.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 30, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Monday is the Fourth.

—Note change in B. B. & K. time table.

—J. S. McCarty has had his meat market repainted.

—Redfield's Hardware has an interesting buying advertisement in this issue.

—Fry & Herzog's change of advertisement will interest all our female readers.

—Miss Helen Gould has given $1,000 to a fund to protect girls visiting the St. Louis fair.

—The Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association meets in Warren August 10, 11 and 12.

—Gen. Nelson A. Miles will undoubtedly be the candidate for President by the Prohibition party.

—The Theatrical Musical Co. has our thanks for a copy of the late hit, "Summer Time in Dixieland."

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory and the Camp Window Glass factory, shut down to-day for the summer.

—Herman R. White and Miss Leona Lee Jayne, well know Bradford young people, were married Tuesday evening.

—A fire on the St. Louis exposition grounds last Friday destroyed the Hoo Hoo building, entailing a loss of $60,000

—A city baseball league has been organized in Bradford, composed of the Temple, Bradford, Merchants and Edgewood clubs.

—Two of the Backus pin stickers have been placed in the McCarty bowling alleys at a cost of $200.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Mr. Howard Field of Port Allegany and Miss Minnie McCready were married yesterday at the home of the bride's parents in Duke Center.

—Mrs. T. H. Purtis entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church last Thursday afternoon. Excellent refreshments were served and a pleasant afternoon passed.

—A report was current on the streets Tuesday that an attempted suicide had occurred at East Smethport, but upon obtaining the facts it developed that it was a case of over-indulgence of that which intoxicates.

—Abraham Ellison, a young son of Louis Ellison of No. 14 Water Street while playing with fireworks last evening, was struck in the eye by a flash of exploding powder, burning the member in serious manner. It is feared that the sight may be permanently impaired. The child was attended by Dr. Griffin-Tucker.—Wednesdays Era.

—J. A. Holder has purchased the stock and book accounts of the bankrupt firm of Voorhees & McCarty of East Smethport.

—The dance given by the Lyceum orchestra at the hose house last Friday evening was well attended, and despite the extreme heat a good time was had.

—John Bender of Smethport is employed in Fleming's barber shop on Mill street. Mr. Bender is said to be a first class man in his line and is making many friends.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The committee in charge has all the arrangements completed for the clam bake and picnic to be held by the glass bottle workers of this place at Burbank's crossing to-morrow and a gala day is looked for.

—Mr. W. J. McKendrick and Miss Cora B. Arnold, both of Clermont were united in wedlock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dumjohn of this place, yesterday afternoon by Rev. G. H. Patterson.

—Mr. A. W. Leonardson, of F. G. Lindholm & Co., of Smethport, arrived in Kane to-day, where he will probably become a resident business man in connection with the Benstrom Co's. store.—Kane Republican.

—Judge Thos. H. Morrison has broken ground for a new residence on West Main street between the properties of S. S. Fry and E. R. Mayo. When completed it will be occupied by his son, Attorney T. A. Morrison.

—The Smethport Tennis Club, has been reorganized with Orlo J. Hamlin as president, and B. T. Garlick, treasurer. The old court on West Main street will be put in good condition and some good games are expected.

—Miss Carrie Eilingsfeldt pleasantly entertained about eighteen of her young friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasse last evening. Refreshments were served and Miss Carrie proved to be a very satisfactory hostess.

—A merchant with a big store, a big stock and equipment, who expects to do business without advertising is like the man who pays a lot of money for fine gas fixtures, but hopes to get along without having a meter put in and the gas on "because of the expense." In both instances costly equipment will give poor results.—Exchange.

—The concert at the M. E. church last Monday evening by W. J. Harrington, assisted by Miss Edler, soprano soloist and accompanist, and a large chorus of local talent, although poorly patronized, was highly appreciated by those in attendance. Space does not permit of an account of each number, but Miss Edler's splended rendition of "Ave Marit" deserves especial mention. This young lady has a rich, clear soprano voice and the manner in which this beautiful solo was rendered brought forth many compliments.

—A New York husband after six years' absence, returned to his home and fireside the other day, greeted his wife affectionately, partook of supper with her and then disappeared again.

—The statement that the Boyd glass factory of Mt. Jewett had been sold to B. N. McCoy of Kane is denied by the Herald. Mr. McCoy has been investigating the conditions at Mt. Jewett but as yet nothing definite has been done.

—A 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCammon fell while playing near the docks at McKean Brothers' mill. He was picked up in a dazed condition and taken home where upon examination it was found he was not badly hurt.

—From the present encouragement received from friends and persons interested in the county superintendency, School Supt. J. E. Myers informs the MINER that he has decided to be a candidate for re-election when the proper time arrives.

—John H. Wilson, a well-known resident of Dallas City, died at an early hour Monday morning at his home, after an extended illness from a complication of ailments. The deceased was aged 48 years and is survived by his widow, five children, two sisters and three brothers.

—Frank Bellamy died at 7 o'clock Saturday evening at the Bradford hospital of tetanus, the result of injuries sustained on June 17, while attempting to board a moving B., R. & P. train in the lower yards. The young man was aged 18 years and is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bellamy of No. 9 Longfellow avenue.—Era.

—H. H. Beebe, who has been in attendance at the commencement exercises of Alfred University at Alfred, N. Y. returned home this week. His daughter, Miss Marjorie, graduated from that institution with one of the highest degrees possible, Bachelor of Philosophy. The young lady has accepted the position of principal in the schools of Madison, N. Y.

—A fellow who puts his paper back in the postoffice to be marked "Refused" when he is owing the publisher for what he has already received, will some day be carried by the wonderful postal service of the universe to the pearly portals through which he would like to pass. But he will be marked "Refused" and dumped in the general conflagration of the trash pile.—Ex.

—The town of Edinboro, near Erie, is to be converted into one of the finest summer resorts in the State. Two hundred and fifty acres, including the lake, have been purchased by a syndicate, and $200,000 will be spent on improvements. Work on the construction of a magnificent hotel will begin in a few weeks. New docks will be built and the old water mill converted into a power house.

—Some of our young people, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hellmer, camped near Bartville last Saturday, among whom were Misses Jackson and Eilingsfeldt of Smethport, Miss Margaret Mosteller of Williamsport, Miss Vosburg, Jennie Lyman, Bessie King, Minnie Steele and the Messrs. James Carlson, Stanley Laymon, Ed. Breen, Walter and Howard Hall and John Bayer.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have leased the two store rooms and basement of the Hamilton block on Main street and as soon as workmen can make the necessary alterations this firm will move their extensive hardware line to this location. This change has been necessitated by the demand for more room in which to manufacture the Backus automatic pin setter. Messrs. Holmes & Gilfillan are to be congratulated upon securing such a desirable location. The store will be under the management of Will Flaherty, who is an experienced hardware clerk.

—The Bradford Era says: A queer thing happened last Monday when an immense ice house burned to the ground on Bolivar run. The building and ice within it belonged to Corydon L. Baker of this city, and the cause of the conflagration was lightning. The burning building melted down the mass of ice and the water from the glacial accumulation ran into Bolivar run, killing the fish along that stream for a considerable distance. Just what it was that proved so deadly to the fish is difficult to explain. It is also a puzzle to account for the melting of all the ice by the amount of heat produced.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst Anna, beloved wife of John C. Coady and,

Whereas, Our brother is honored and respected among us as a loyal and efficient member of our Tribe, therefore be it

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt sympathy for the family of our brother in their bereavment and extend to them the encouragement and fellowship of the Mackanee Tribe, No. 408, I. O. R. M.

GEO. HYDE,
JAS. QUIRK,
L. HOGARTH,
Committee.

Special Low Rates to St. Louis.

Permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For full particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Call at Dr. Hamilton's residence for particulars.

Everything in haying tools at J. C. Hamlin's.

Personal Mention.

J. E. Myers had business in Eldred yesterday.

Will Baker of the Democrat passed Sunday in Olean.

Mis Viola Badger is visiting relatives in Port Allegany.

S. R. Lindsley had business in Geneva, N. Y., yesterday.

C. C. Lowery of the Nickle Plate had business in town Friday.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin is the guest of relatives in town.

Miss Mollie King returned Monday evening from a visit in Buffalo.

Shell B. Sawyer of Austin visited his parents in this place last Friday.

George Shepard of Port Allegany was the guest of his family on Sunday.

Miss Laura Andrews of New York City is visiting her parents in town.

Mrs. S. R. Lindsly and Mrs. James McCusker were Buffalo visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cotter of Emporium are guests of relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Campbell are viewing the sights at the St. Louis exposition.

Miss Sara Krohn of Cleveland, Ohio, was the guest of Mrs. O. B. Corwin last week.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and children were guests of friends in Olean last Saturday.

J. F. Olmsted of Shelby, Ohio, is visiting his family at the residence of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

Mrs. Ellen Doyle of Mt. Jewett was the guest of relatives in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. A. J. Warshofsky and children have returned home from an extended visit in Rochester.

Mrs L. Hopper and daughters, Hazel and Alberta, left to-day for a visit with friends in Johnsonburg.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup and children of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Mrs. O. H. Barker, who has been spending some time with her parents here, left Tuesday for her home in Bradford.

Mrs. H. R. Fessler, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. William Hafner returned to her home in Jersey Shore yesterday.

Mrs S. J. Tappen and Mrs. F. J. Charnock of Smethport have been calling on old time friends in town this week.—Mt. Jewett News.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Morrison have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence at present with Mr. Morrison's parents.

Mrs. H. C. Wells and daughter, Irma, are in attendence at Prof. Szag's school of music in Buffalo. They also attended the New York State Music Teachers convention at Niagara Falls.

Wm. O'Reilly reached home Friday from Peru, S. A. He left Peru June and, landing in the Isthmus of Panama. He has but a short vacation at home intending soon to leave for Brazil, S. A.

Mrs. E. E. Heath of Olean spent Sunday with her husband in town. Mr. Heath is employed in making the repairs on the hous on Mechanic street owned by the P. S. & N. R. R.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd and family and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Moorehouse and family left to-day for Chautauqua where they have leased a cottage and will spend two months at that popular resort.

There Are Others.

There lives in Shingle House a man nearly fifty years of age who works patiently day after day, giving all he earns to his family. He will be blamed some day because he didn't provide for the future, but the poor man never had a chance. It takes every cent he earns to keep up with the present. The children must be educated; Mary must have a piano; Anan wants to study art; there must be new furniture for the parlor to make it more attractive for the young men who call. The old man is never in it, being content with a chair in the kitchen. Is he a hero to his family? No, because he is tired and round shouldered and insignificent, and humble. To us that old man is a hero, and if there is anything good in the hereafter, he is entitled to it; he has done the best he he knew how!

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 25, 1904:

Bellow, Lyman.
Davis, Miss. Mollie.
Hamilton, H. T.
McChrialson, Mrs.
Madigan, Henry.
Milliemace, Francesco.
OFanagan, Miss. Mary.
Voorhees, Dr. Wm.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Fourth of July Excursion

July 4th the B. B. & K. R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets from and to all stations on its line for the regular one-way fare, children between 5 and 12 years, one half the excursion rate. Tickets good going on date of sale only and valid for return passage until July 5th, inclusive. A special train will leave Bradford at 10 o'clock p. m. July 4th at close of evening program for Smethport, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & HERZOG

BRILLIANTINE SKIRTS.

If you are thinking of a new skirt this is your opportunity.

We are placing on sale a lot of the latest style skirts that have just arrived. They are made of the dependable qualities of Brilliantines and Novelty Cloths according to fashion's most recent ideas.

Several styles to choose from in navy, brown, black and mixtures, at from **$4.00 to $6.00**

Clearing Sale of Wash Goods.

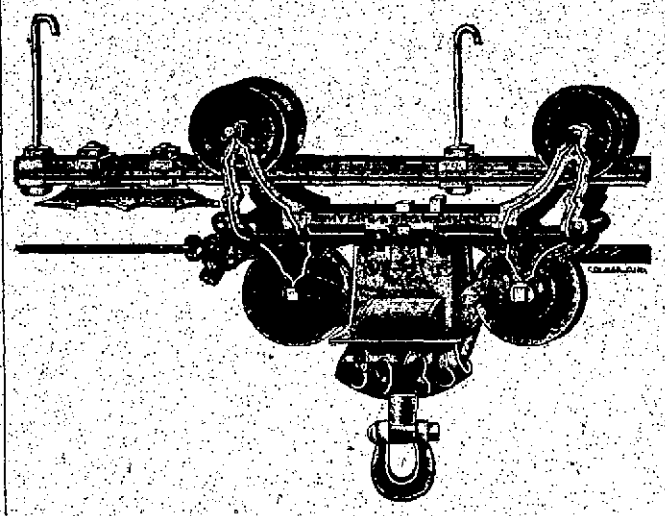
The summer wash goods are going now at bargain prices to finish up the season's odds and ends.

There is a saving of ¼ to ⅓ from regular prices.

FRY & HERZOG.

YOU'LL HAVE TO "TAKE OFF YOUR HAT" TO

THE MYERS



THE LARGEST PUMP AND HAY TOOL WORKS

We are their agents and sell their complete line. The above cut represents the original Myers Reversible Hay Carrier to run on Patent T. Steel Rail. The fork is carried nearer the roof on this car than any other machine. This carrier has stood the most severe tests for years and is very neat and strong. We recommend this outfit. It is fully warranted. See one in operation at our store.

We also carry a full line of Hay Tools, Single, Double and Patent Grappling Harpoon Hay Forks, Scythes, Snaths and Scythe Stones of all kinds.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

JUNE WEDDINGS.

A new stock to select from just in from the best factories in the world. All new, up-to-date and the prices are right. One price to all.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

New Summer Millinery

We are now showing the latest effects in early summer millinery.

White cluny laces, chiffons and fancy braids make up the dainty hats for summer wear.

Just received from New York an elegant line of White Wash Silk, White Lawn and Mercerized Shirt Waists.

We now have a large assortment of infants' and children's clothes, cloaks, bonnets, etc.

Just step in and look over our stock before purchasing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Good Uncle Ben

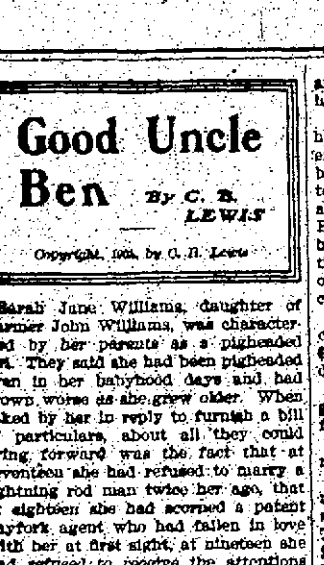
By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis

Sarah Jane Williams, daughter of Farmer John Williams, was characterized by her parents as a pigheaded girl. They said she had been pigheaded even in her babyhood days and had grown worse as she grew older. When asked by her in reply to furnish a bill of particulars, about all they could bring forward was the fact that at seventeen she had refused to marry a lightning rod man twice her age, that at eighteen she had scorned a patent barfork agent who had fallen in love with her at first sight, at nineteen she had refused to receive the attentions of an old widower who owned the only windmill for ten miles around and at twenty she was "taken up" with Harry Seymour, son of a nearby farmer in moderate circumstances.

The girl did not deny that she meant to marry Harry. But the old folks had other plans in view. They wanted her to look higher, even as high as the commission man who came through the country every fall buying up thousands of bushels of apples. They first began objecting to Harry in a general way, but in the course of a few months he had been as good as forbidden the house.

The lovers' difficulties simply increased their love. They had about determined on an elopement when Uncle Ben Churchill arrived on a visit and with him a distant relative. Uncle Ben was Mrs. Williams' brother, and the distant relative was a second cousin to both and a young man of twenty-two. The first thing that Uncle Ben did was to discover that Sarah wanted to marry and that her parents were opposed to the match. The first thing that the second cousin did was to fall in love with Sarah Jane. That made three complications on hand at once, and Uncle Ben was in his element. If there was one thing he liked better than another it was complications. When he



"I'LL HELP YOU PLAN AN ELOPEMENT."

had seen that the second cousin was smitten he took his part against the field.

"Look a-here, Sarah," he began one day as he got the girl to sit down beside him in the orchard, "you believe I know folks better'n you do, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"I orter, Sarah—I orter. I've been to New York and Boston and all around, and I can spot a pickpocket as far as I can see him. That feller Harry ain't no feller for you to marry. I didn't have to look at him twice to see that he'll never make a hustler."

"I don't see why," protested Sarah.

"Natur' didn't make him that way. You'd never have a second dress in your back if you married him. Better give him right up now, and lemme p'int you out a feller who'll make a crackin' good husband."

"Who is it?"

"Your Cousin Walter. He's fall in love with you and can't sleep o' nights. He's a feller who's goin' to rip up the ground all around some day."

"But I know I never could love him."

"One can do a heap of things, my girl, if she sets out to. You just go around thinkin' about Walter from mornin' till night, and you'll be lovin' him inside of a week."

"I don't believe father and mother would like it."

"Say, now, that's the fun of the hull thing," laughed Uncle Ben as he rubbed his hands together. "I've kinder sounded your dad and mam, and they ain't stuck on Walter. They can't cotton to a feller who parts his hair in the middle and has a gold filled tooth. They might be opposed to a marriage, but that marriage could come off jest the same."

"How?" asked Sarah, with considerable interest.

"Lean your head down till I whisper one word in your ear—elopement. If you and Walter make up to each other, I'll help you plan an elopement and put $100 in your hand for a bridal dower. I'd jest like to show your dad and mam that there's other folks who know a thing or two."

An idea was trying to work itself out in Sarah's mind, and she asked for half a day to think things over. At the end of that time she accepted Uncle Ben's proposition.

"Good girl!" he exclaimed as he kissed her and smiled like a June morning. "You just go right ahead lovin' Walter and when the time comes I'll be on hand."

Sarah and Walter went ahead. As he was no great favorite of her parents' she was not put to any great bother. The most she had to do was to hear him sigh and recite poetry and apostrophize the rising and setting sun. Backed and urged on by Uncle Ben, he finally proposed and was inferentially accepted. This was no sooner over with than there was a further confab in the orchard.

"Now, then, for the elopement!" chuckled Uncle Ben. "And here's the $100. I'll give Walter another hundred before the thing comes off."

"Dear old Uncle Ben, but what a good man you are!" Sarah said gratefully.

"Yes, all wool and a yard wide," he replied as he pinched her cheek.

Three nights later at 11 o'clock at night Sarah Jane Williams tiptoed softly downstairs and left the house. There were a horse and buggy waiting in the road which had been ordered by Uncle Ben. A young man followed close on her heels and took the lines and drove away. As the outfit disappeared in the darkness the good man waved his hat and chuckled. Then he entered the house to sit down and chuckle some more, when some one came rattling downstairs. It was Walter, the distant relative. He had been locked in his room for the last half hour.

"By gum, but let us figger on this!" exclaimed Uncle Ben as his smile vanished.

It needed no Sherlock Holmes to unravel the mystery. Sarah had locked Walter in, and Walter was out of it. The man who had driven off with her to get married before the waiting minister in the nearest village must be Harry Seymour. They would see Niagara Falls and other wonders of the world on that $100, and then come back for forgiveness.

"Walter, my boy," said good Uncle Ben when through with his "figgering, "you part your hair in the middle and have got a gold filled moth, and you are a fool!"

"Uncle Ben," replied the chagrined and dejected distant relative, "you conspire and plan and chuckle and are an idiot."

A Smuggling Scheme.

Many are the devices employed by smugglers both by land and sea. A very smart trick is related of a method by which brandy was conveyed through Paris. Regularly, day after day, a tandem bicycle made its way through one of the gates into the city and attracted no attention. The same pair of cyclists rode it always and appeared to be but workmen hastening to their work from their homes in the suburbs. One morning, just after the machine was through the gates, it went to earth, unseating both the riders. The man who had occupied the front seat jumped to his feet, grabbed the machine, vaulted into the saddle and rode for his life, never giving a glance at his stunned companion. Astonished, the customs officers, who had witnessed the mishap, rushed to the aid of the fallen man, who showed no signs of life. They were still more surprised when they reached him, for he wasn't a man at all, but just a dummy with movable legs and arms, a false head and face and a hollow body of rubber. He had punctured in the fall and ten gallons of the best brandy was making its exit as quickly as it could.

Elusive Syllables.

A crowning specimen of ludicrous helplessness in the face of elusive syllables is that of the unfortunate speaker who, at a pathetic point of his address, when his hero was about to undergo a heartrending parting from home and friends, uttered in his most melting voice:

"Biddy diddy"—

He stopped confused, flushed, set his mouth and tried again, with a difficult resumption of the interrupted pathos:

"Diddy, diddy"—

Something was still wrong. He grew scarlet, perspired and gasped forth a third attempt, not more intelligible. His hearers could none of them interpret it. It might be high German or it might be a "Mother Goose" refrain:

"Diddy, hiddy, diddy doo?"

The situation was desperate, but the persistent orator rallied, paused until he had fully recovered his self control, and trying once more, with slow utterance and distinctive enunciation, conquered at length the simple phrase which had overthrown him. He said:

"Did he bid adieu?"

Worth Bringing to Light.

One can easily imagine that the judge smiled, the lawyers laughed and the spectators burst into applause when a courtroom bore was subdued in the following effectual way, told in the Christian Endeavor World:

George B. Smith and I. A. Sloan, two of the greatest lawyers of their day, were once trying a case as opponents. Mr. Sloan had a habit of puncturing his address to the court with the expression, "Your honor, I have an idea." The case had been dragging its weary length through the hours of a warm summer day, when Mr. Sloan, who was making what appeared to be an interminable argument, said:

"Your honor, I have an idea"—

Mr. Smith sprang to his feet, assumed a dignified position, and with all the solemnity imaginable said:

"May it please the court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."

Juvenile Love.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime.

"Oh, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."—Watchword.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

IN THE ROUNDHOUSE

THE ATTENTION THAT IS BESTOWED UPON THE LOCOMOTIVES.

Constant and Careful Grooming Required by the Great Iron Horses of the Rail—How the Tires of the Big Driving Wheels Are Tightened

Any one at all familiar with railroads has seen the engineer dismount from the cab, oil can in hand, as soon as the train has come to a stop at some way station; seen him walk slowly about the ponderous machine, feeling of each bearing with his free hand as he filled the cups with oil; seen him perhaps tap a valve gently with a wrench or examine critically some ill working air pump.

To any man all this is interesting but how many are there in all the vast crowd that enter the city daily at the great terminals who can tell offhand what becomes of the train when once the cars are emptied of the passengers? To be sure, they have seen the cars on a *siding* out in the yard. They know perhaps that a roundhouse is a place where engines are kept when not in actual use. But beyond this the ideas of the ordinary man are a bit hazy.

As soon as the passengers have left a train that has just come in from a long dusty run it is backed out into the yard, and the cars are set off on a *side track*. Men go upon them at once and begin to put them in readiness for the next trip. The windows are washed, cars freed from all filth and dirt, seats cleaned, water tanks cared for and the lighting apparatus put in order.

The locomotive, after leaving the cars, proceeds at once to the roundhouse, where the ponderous machine also receives a proper overhauling. First of all, the tanks are filled with water and the fuel supply is replenished. Then a few puffs bring the fire box above the ash pit, where the fires are cleaned and dumped altogether. The next thing is to stable the great iron horse.

The roundhouse itself is a most unin viting place, with its soot begrimed walls and smoky interior. These buildings are all constructed on the same *general* lines, low, one story structures, generally built of brick and semicircular in shape. The center of the circle is the center of the turntable. Arranged along the inner side of the building is a line of doors, each exactly like its neighbor. Under each runs a track of standard gauge, giving the whole an appearance not unlike a spider's web, the center of which is the turntable.

The turntable itself consists of a pit walled with stone, across which is a bridge free at the ends, but balanced at the center on a spindle. Rails are laid across this, as if it were a part of the roadbed.

When the fires of the locomotive have been cured for the engineer runs his machine upon the table. With deft hand at the throttle he brings it to a stop at the precise point where the hundred tons of steel balance on the spindle that supports the bridge. Then the ponderous mass is slowly revolved until the required track is reached and the engine is backed into the roundhouse.

Once within the house the engineer's duty is done. He has but to go to the office and report in a book prepared for the purpose any repairs that are needed, and he can go home, assured that his machine will be ready for him when he starts on the next run.

The engine is now turned over to the roundhouse crew, who go to work on it at once. The attention that a locomotive receives on arrival at the roundhouse is about the same that one would expect to see bestowed upon a race horse. Wipers go over every inch of the surface carefully, removing all dust and oil. Others drop into the pit beneath the machine and wipe the running gear. The headlight is carefully cared for and the brass polished. In fact, the whole machine is put in first class shape in every way.

Throughout this work keen watch is kept for any signs of broken parts, and any found are repaired. The hundred or more fires are cleaned by steam pressure.

An engine seldom comes to the house that does not need repairs of some sort. The delicate mechanism is constantly becoming broken, and unceasing attention is required.

One of the most interesting of all the repairs that are made in the roundhouse is the tightening of the tires on the drive wheels. Each wheel is surrounded with a heavy steel tire. These occasionally work loose, and it becomes necessary that they be tightened without sending the locomotive to the shops.

To do this a stream of oil is fed automatically upon the tire and allowed to burn as it runs down. The result is that the whole rim is soon a circle of flame. This is kept up for a long time, and the tire, being heated faster than the wheel itself on account of the proximity of the fire, expands until the thin pieces of sheet iron can be inserted between the wheel and the tire. When the tire has again become cold it contracts and clutches the wheel hard and fast.

The cumbersome repairs, such as turning down worn drive wheels and replacing boilers, go to the shops, where lathes, cranes and forges are to be had. But all the minor troubles are remedied at the "stables," and the foreman of the roundhouse is responible for the condition of the engines. He is the man to whom all look in an emergency, and it is he who must look forward and plan for the repairs in such a way as not to interfere with the regular operation of the trains.—Boston Globe.

When men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe them.—Plato.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HOISTING ROPES.

The Threads of Wire Upon Which So Many Lives Daily Depend.

While the longest ropes are used for hauling purposes, some of the most interesting data in connection with wire ropes are obtained with their use for hoisting purposes. Hundreds of thousands of lives are literally each day hung by a small wire thread as the men are lowered into and hoisted from the bowels of the earth, and in many cases the only means of communication between the surface and the underground workings, which are from a few feet to a mile in depth, is by a comparatively small hoisting rope. Think of hanging from the end of a cable only a few inches in diameter and a mile long, being hoisted at a rate which is faster than that of the average railroad train, and some idea of the hoisting problem can be gained. To the honor of the wire rope manufacturers it must be said that very few shaft accidents are due to the breaking of the rope, excepting where the cage is overwound and unwarranted demands are made upon the rope or which are traceable to false economy on the part of the users of wire rope. No part of a mining plant is more carefully inspected and watched than the hoisting rope, and very few mine managers will take any unnecessary risks in the hoisting of men. The skill of the wire rope maker is taxed to the utmost to provide ropes for hoisting from great depths. To make a rope of practicable size that will be sufficiently flexible and that will bear even its own weight is no mean problem, for in such cases the weight of the rope is often much more than the material lifted; hence we have taper rope intended to give a varying section dependent on the amount of rope off the drum or reel.—Mines and Minerals.

SETTING THE CLOCK FAST.

A Pleasant Sort of Deception Common to Many People.

It is a common thing to find the clocks in nine out of ten households either fifteen minutes or half an hour fast, and should you happen to be in a hurry or mention the fact that you have to be going you are at once reassured by the fact that you have no cause to hurry, as the clock is so much ahead of the time.

Has it ever occurred to you why clocks are usually put ahead? Some physicians have said it is due to laziness, for it is such a satisfaction to the lazy man to find when he has to get up at 7 in the morning and strains his half closed eyes to look at the clock that it is half an hour fast and he has so much more time to doze, with the result that he oversleeps himself any how and misses his train or boat.

Said a watchmaker when asked about the subject:

"Yes, it is a peculiar thing with most people to put their clocks fast, and, while there may be some satisfaction in it when it comes to dozing a little longer, there is really no advantage in it, for when you wake up, say, at 6 and glance at the clock and it registers half past 6, the fact remains that it is a half hour fast. While this may make you feel easier, knowing that you still have thirty minutes to doze, I confess I don't see much advantage in it.

"Why not have the clock right? It is the same thing in the end.

"Suppose railroads were to put this into practice, how many trains do you think people would miss thereby? This putting clocks fast is really only a pleasant form of deception which people like to practice on themselves, but it does more harm than good."—New York Herald.

A Way Spencer Had.

Herbert Spencer had a passion for generalization. If you remarked it was a fine day, Spencer would answer, "Yes, anticyclonic conditions like those of yesterday seldom break up without warning of the advent of a depression from westward." If you observed that Mrs. Jones was a pretty woman, Spencer would reply, "Her father was a west highlander and her mother an Irishwoman, and intermarriage between highlanders and Irish almost always produces physically handsome but intellectually inferior children."

The Original Anglomaniac.

Wayne had just won the battle of Stony Point.

"But why," inquired the British, "do they call you Mad Anthony?"

"Because," replied the doughty general, "I am the original Anglomaniac."

Putting his statement to the test, he pressed onward, taking with him several cannon of the latest English manufacture.—New York Tribune.

Serious Defect.

"Young man, this elevator is out of order. I shall certainly report it to my husband, who is an assistant elevator inspector."

"Wh-wh-what's the matter with it, ma'am?"

"The mirrors are soiled and dingy, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Incompetents.

Mabel—I do believe Miss Ponds is in love with that poor young lawyer, Clara.—What a shame! And she would make such a good wife for some fellow who was marrying for money.—Puck.

Chagrin.

Little Dick—Uncle Richard, what is chagrin? Uncle Richard—Dickie, chagrin is that feeling you ought to have when you kick at the cat and fall over backward.—Indianapolis Journal.

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship. In the hour of gladness and conviviality what is your want? It is friendship.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

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Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
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DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—J. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. E. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagherty, president; Miss Tavia Eagner, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer, W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reddecit, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Hamer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. A. SANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings. Wm. FONCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall. Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FOUNSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ANDREY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Garlord H. Fetterman, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3:00 p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 26, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Couderport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north:

Train 128, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

9:20 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:22 a. m., New York 7:12 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:32 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:32 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:31 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Shorb's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:46
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:20 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Fordyce, Butler, Allegheny and Intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West and at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:30 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Monday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gartiner, General Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. N. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 8:35 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 8:55 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:40 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:30 a. m. for Kinzua (arr. 9:55 a. m.); Glenhazel (arr. 10:10 a. m.); connecting with B. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:30 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 6:50 p. m.); Freemansburg (arr. 7:05 p. m.); Limestone (arr. 7:20 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 8:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 8:30 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

2:30 p. m.—For Larrabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:05 p. m.).

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, Gen. Supt. C. A. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	8.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.37	8.32	9.19
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	6	8.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.38	8.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc.	7.37	8.42	9.32
7.30	6	1.45	Newfield	7.47	8.45	9
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	8.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	8.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	9.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	9.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	9.17	10.20
6.15	6	1.05	N. Coudsport	6	9.25	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	9.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.00
9	9	12.13	Hammond	9	9	9
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.33	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	9	11.59	Knowlton	9	6.17	9
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	9	11.41	Coleman	9	6.34	9
3.20	9	9	Chem. Wks	9	9	9
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R., at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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John Hoyt's Problem

By ABELAIDE L. ROUSE

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JOHN HOYT was tired of sitting in the gloomy office on the second floor of Vane & Co.'s warehouse, where he filled the positions of bookkeeper by day and watchman by night. He put aside the new book over which he had been dozing and took his mackintosh down from its nail. He was not on duty for some time yet, and he ran lightly downstairs. He walked toward the house of his employer, where he was a frequent visitor, for Rosamond, Mr. Vane's handsome daughter, was by no means averse to the attentions of John Hoyt. Young men of intelligence were scarce in Millville, and John was college bred and handsome withal.

John did not know why he walked in that direction, for he was not dressed for calling. He did not ring the bell, but he stood on the steps and for a moment looked into the drawing room. The curtains had not been drawn, for the gas was not yet lighted, but the firelight showed the interior of the room and its one occupant. Rosamond Vane sat before the piano, singing an air from an opera. John had heard it. It had been one of the few extravagances he had allowed himself during his college days.

Miss Vane wore an evening gown of some thin black material which set off her pale golden hair. John could not see the face, but he knew it well—the exquisitely cut features, the deep blue eyes and the fair complexion. He guessed that she was expecting him, and he went up the steps and reached his hand to touch the bell when he remembered his dress. The water was dripping from his mackintosh, and his rubber boots were spattered with mud. He went slowly down the steps. "Not a scoundrel at me," said he, setting his jaw hard, "but a fool!" He shut his eyes and walked rapidly away.

"It is well that it is over," he said, "painless," he said under his breath, "there is no telling why a man—" Which came near to proving a fatality, existence and [illegible] do.

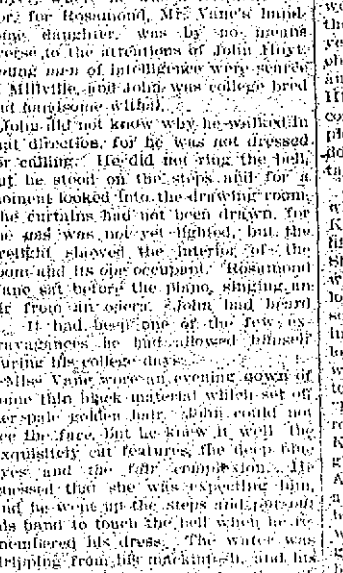
He did not finish it sentence [illegible] walking at a rapid pace [illegible] the other end of the town [illegible] hard on a hill. He stopped [illegible] three times as if holding a parley with himself; then went on again. "I shall fight the battle out tonight and have done with it," he said at last.

The houses at this end of the town were cheap affairs, and John stopped at one of the poorest. He opened the gate and went up the brick walk. The house was all in darkness save for a light which, burned in the little wing which Kath called her study. Kath never closed the blinds. She said she left them open so the light could welcome him. John stepped softly to the window. The picture he saw was much like the other one, for here, too, a girl sat alone, singing. Unlike Rosamond Vane, Kath was small and plain, her eyes were light gray, and her hair was sandy. She was singing to the accompaniment of the reedy little cabinet organ, and her thin, shrill voice rasped on John's ears. There was something in the words, too, that disturbed him:

> In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
> Be a hero in the strife.

It was just like Kath, John thought, with some impatience. She was always striving after something impossible. He softly hummed a bar of the song Miss Vane had sung. That suited him better. There was nothing heroic in his mood just then.

He stood taking in the details of the poor, little room. Poor as it was, it bore some marks of taste and refinement. All of Kath's treasures were gathered here to be safe from her vandal brothers. There was a plaster cast of Beethoven above the organ. Over the cheap little bookcase hung an engraving of "The Huguenot Lovers," and "Beatrice di Cenci" hung over the desk. John thought with pity of the many hours Kath had spent toiling at that desk, for she would try to write.



JOHN STEPPED SOFTLY TO THE WINDOW.

Presently Kath stopped playing and sat down on a low chair before the fire, bowing her head on her hands. John had never before seen her appear so dejected, and his heart ached for her. No doubt she was expecting him, as she had a perfect right to do. He remembered that he had not seen her since Tuesday, five days ago, and he had called on Miss Vane twice in that time. He might have gone in with his muddy boots, and Kath would have welcomed him to her fireside, but he could not go just then. Perhaps he would never go again. Kath would prefer to have the whole affair come to an end if she knew the truth. He was sure of that. He had vowed to love her, and he could not keep up the pretense any longer.

They had been engaged for six years, since Kath was *twenty-two* and John twenty-one, for she was a year his senior. There had been but little love-making, but John had always intended to marry Kath when their fortunes would permit. She was aging fast in the district school, where she taught year after year, and John had been obliged to give up his ambition for law and become Mr. Vane's bookkeeper. His salary was small, but he and Kath could manage to live on it. Many couples in Millville lived on less. No doubt she wondered why he did not take her out of the schoolroom.

John always thought more of himself when with Rosamond than when with Kath. Kath was constantly urging him on. True, she urged herself on. She was continually striving after what she called culture. She never allowed herself an idle moment, and she sometimes told John that he did not improve his time. Poor John! He loved ease and luxury, and after the work of the day was done he preferred to doze over his pipe and a novel to "keeping up" his Greek and Latin or reading "something inspiriting," as Kath wished. He was tired of struggle, and he longed for a full, free life. As he stood at Kath's window he saw a hard and gray future stretching out before them. Kath and himself overworked and early old, with a family growing up to succeed to the same humdrum life. No, it would be better for both if the engagement were broken. But how could he tell Kath the truth? How could he raise her eyes? With a pang he remembered how true she had been to all those years. He felt himself unworthy. He could not go in and tell her tonight, and he walked away.

John climbed the stairs to the office and sat down to smoke and think. He knew that he had to say an end would and he could marry the shipowner's daughter. Rosamond's eyes had told him so more than once, and her father had taken pains to give his opinion that brains and good looks were a match for money. This life was full of promise, but there was Kath, poor little Kath! His thoughts became confused, and he was soon asleep in his chair.

Kath did not sleep. The hours passed, but she did not think of going to rest. Once she rose and scanned her own face in the glass. "What have I to give him?" she asked herself. "Nothing. And she has everything. I shall not let him sacrifice himself. But, oh, why could not I have something, something—beauty or money or talent? I don't blame him. I can't expect to hold him."

Some lines of Robert Browning came into her mind.

> Who art thou with stunted soul
> And stunted body thus to cry,
> "I love!" Shall that be life's straight goal
> I must live beloved or die?

The words kept saying themselves over and over to her, and she put her hands up to her ears as if to shut out a sound. How often John had laughed at her for reading Browning. She wished she had never seen those lines.

The rain fell in torrents as the night wore on. Kath vaguely remembered hearing some talk at the supper table about the danger from the great dam just above the village. But she forgot it in thinking of greater troubles. One of her brothers had blurted out something about John Hoyt being "solid with Miss Vane," and her mother had looked at her with pity in her eyes. She knew that John called at the great white house, while he seldom came now to her study. She tried to face the life that lay before her, life without John Hoyt. She would give him up. She loved him too well to stand in his light. He must marry Miss Vane and enjoy the life of luxury which he craved.

She opened her desk and wrote a note. Then she took from her finger the plain gold band that John had given her. It was to have served the double purpose of a wedding and an engagement ring. By and by, John had said, as he put it on her finger, when he could afford it—he would give her a solitaire. How long ago that seemed! She put the ring in an envelope with the note and sealed it.

At that moment she heard a sound which made her drop the letter and rush to the door. There was a tumult in the street, and her father and brothers came rushing down the stairs, calling to one another that the great dam had burst. Men who rushed past the house called out that the lower end of the town was under water already and there would be rescue work to do.

Kath's first thought was for John down at the warehouse. Her father and brothers ran down to the river, and Kath knew that they had gone to get their boat. A sudden resolve formed itself in her mind. She caught up her skirts and bareheaded rushed down the hill to the river. The painter of her own little boat was fastened to a tall fir tree. Already the water had risen three feet on the trunk of the tree. Kath waded into the icy water and groped for the rope. She stepped into the boat, and a moment later she was rowing with all her might.

John was still sleeping, and he was partially aroused by Kath's voice calling "John, John!" He wove the words into his dream. Kath called still louder, beating against the window with her hands. John raised himself together on a level, and as he rose from his chair he realized that he was stepping in water. He stooped to see what it meant and saw that water was coming in under the door.

"Open the window, John, Harry! The water is rising very fast," Kath called.

John burst the shutter open. "Kath, what are you doing here? Are you alone?"

"The dam has burst. Get into the boat. There is no time to lose."

"Give me the oars," said John, now thoroughly aroused. "Merciful heaven, how did you manage to dodge the wreck?" he asked, for by this time the stream was full of trees and timbers. "You risked your life to save mine."

"There was not much danger. Row fast, John. We must save her."

"Save who, Kath?"

"Miss Vane. She has been so low [illegible] to stay in a house [illegible] carried away. I [illegible] you before I go to Mr. Vane's."

"I must [illegible] Besides, I shall let her rescue herself."

Nothing [illegible] the tall fir [illegible] the Vane house. The water was above the second story windows, but there were lights in the third story. As they stopped the boat they heard a woman screaming. John called, and Mr. Vane appeared at the window.

"God bless you, John, my boy," he said as he stepped into the boat. John lifted Rosamond in, and the two terrified maids followed. The coachman and butler had taken refuge on the roof, and John promised to send help to them, for Kath's little boat was already taxed to the utmost.

"I shall leave you at Mr. Grove's, Mr. Vane," said John as he neared a tall house a half mile from Mr. Vane's. "It is the safest place in town. I think the water has reached its height."

"Leave us at Mr. Grove's, John. That is right. Bless you, you shall hear from this night's work."

As Rosamond stepped from the boat to the piazza roof she clung to John, imploring him not to leave her. He went a few steps to encourage her, and when he turned to come back Kath was starting back across the water.

"Kath," John called, "come back!"

He could scarcely make out her answer above the roar of the flood. "Go back, John, where you are safe."

"Kath, come back!" he commanded in a tone she had never heard him use before.

She brought the boat up, and he stepped in. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her, paying no heed to her demur. "Give me the oars," he said. And she obeyed.

John slowly threaded his way back to Kath's home. Day was breaking and they could see the extent of the disaster done.

"The worst is over," said John, "and I think the water is going down a little. Your house is standing, Kath, but the study is nearly under water. See, the water reaches the tops of the windows. Your manuscripts will be wet," he added mischievously. "We shall be obliged to land on the roof."

The study was only one story in height, and John stepped to the roof and held out his arms. "Come, Kath," he said. He did not release her when she stood beside him on the roof. He held her close while he made his confession.

"Kath, I've been a fool and I came near being a rascal. But although I treated you so badly you care enough about me to risk your life for my sake, I know now what I feel for you. Forgive me and take me back. Can you ever love me again?"

"Hush, John! Don't blame yourself. It was natural that you should love her. I do not blame you. I wrote a note last night releasing you, and I inclosed your ring. I was not angry. I did it freely. Don't let any feeling of gratitude—"

"Kath, will you understand me? I love you. What can I care for Rosamond Vane after what has happened tonight? I shall never give you up unless you can truthfully say that you don't care for me. Tell me the truth or I shall keep you on your own study roof forever."

Kath did not make any audible reply, but she put her arms around John's neck and rested her head on his dripping shoulder in perfect content.

The Resolute Hermits

By SEWELL FORD

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IT came from being three and twenty and serious before their time, this renouncing of womankind. Their theory was that speech with womankind led to fulness and invited distraction. So they withdrew from conventional society, set up their inconsiderable belongings in two studio rooms far up from the sidewalk and organized the Society of Resolute Hermits.

There, with new lighted ambitions and a gas range, they began their assault on fame's frowning walls, one with verse, one with pictures and the third with fiction of all lengths. No written bond did they sign, but the word of honor was passed that for a year and a day each should hold no converse with the disturbing sex. And they meant to do just the thing upon which they had agreed.

Luncheon in the retreat of the Resolute Hermits was hardly an event. It was a mere incident. It meant that pipes, newspapers, sheets of manuscript and tobacco jars were pushed from one half of the utility table which stood somewhat unsteadily in the middle of the studio floor, that the smell of crisping bacon, frying eggs and boiling coffee was coming from the closet kitchen in the corner, and that Sir Arthur, coatless and red of face, was standing over the gas stove.

"Eggs and bacon, bacon and eggs," complained Mac as he hacked irregular chunks from an eight-cent loaf. "Art, why in thunder don't you learn to cook eggs some other way?"

"Want another Spanish omelet?"

"Don't. I'm no ostrich. But I'm glad we are to have something besides fried eggs after today. Kid, that uncle of yours is a life saver."

"I used to think he was an old crank," said the Kid, "but I know better now."

And indeed from the viewpoint of the Resolute Hermits, it was a noble thing which the Kid's uncle had done. Learning the errand and purpose of their retreat, here for a year and a day they had agreed to forego all friendship and intercourse with womankind, he had been moved to enthusiasm.

"Most sensible thing I ever knew any of you young rattlepods to do," he declared. "If you'll keep it up for another month I'll give you a check for—no, I'll write it now and date it ahead. If you haven't spoken to a fool girl or fooler woman when that becomes payable you may cash it. But if one of you breaks faith tear it up."

And there, pinned to the wall as an inspiration, was the check—a check for $50. Tomorrow it would come down and then—Christian food! Twenty-five dinners le cabaret! The Resolute Hermits had figured it all out. There would be twenty live days when they would eat at least one meal that did not depend upon the chance fate of Sir Arthur's skill in cooking things.

"Bring on your eggs," said Mac. "Kid, put down that sketch board and draw some water."

It was at this psychologic moment that slowly chuckling footsteps on the

"BELLE!" EXCLAIMED MAC.

person of Janitor P. Brady announced a visitor. "She's in a hurry to see you, sir," said he to Mac in apologetic tone. "For the life of me I couldn't keep her out, though I could her 'twas a hermit you were and saw no ladies at all. She says as how she's yer sister."

"Mary, I'll bet a dollar," said Mac. Then in explanation: "She's the married one that lives in Buffalo. Boys, I'm afraid you'll have to clear out in a hurry. Of course sisters don't count for me, but I suppose—"

"Oh, of course!" broke in Sir Arthur, returning the platter of bacon and eggs to the top of the gas stove.

"Where did you leave her, Brady?" demanded Mac.

"Sure, sir, she's just outside at the top av the stairs."

"Oh, the deuce!" groaned Mac. "You'll have to hide, then."

The Kid promptly made a dive through the blue denim curtains of an improvised wardrobe in the corner. It was the only place of concealment which the studio offered.

"I'll tell you," suggested Sir Arthur in a stage whisper. "I'll play deaf and dumb. Let her in. I'll pretend not to know she's here."

There for argument there was none, so Sir Arthur grabbed a book and sat down by the window with his back to the door. But she who was ushered into the hermitage by the grinning Brady was a person other than the expected Mary from Buffalo.

"Belle!" exclaimed Mac. "You! Where did you come from?"

"Now, that is what I call a real brotherly greeting." Belle is one of those young women whose lips pout from habit, and just then they were particularly aggressive. "Where do you suppose I came from, Mac?—I didn't drop from the clouds. I climbed about a mile of stairs to be kept waiting outside your door until you were pleased to let me in. And now you act as though I were some kind of a curiosity instead of your own dear little sister that you haven't seen for months. Aren't you going to kiss me? Oh, I didn't notice—"

"Never mind him," said Mac hastily. "That's only Sir Arthur, as we call him. Haven't I written you about him—deaf and dumb—talented poet—sad case?"

Now, as a matter of fact, Mac had written—and forgotten—not about a deaf and dumb Sir Arthur, of course, but of one "who sang 'On the Road to Mandalay' so that it makes you homesick for India, even if you hardly know where it is on the map."

"Oh, indeed! Deaf and dumb, did you say? And since when, please?" There was a curious inflection to Belle's query which should have warned Mac, but did not.

"He's been the way he is now ever since I've known him," said Mac ingenuously. "But hold on, Belle. I'll get my coat on, and we'll go for a walk. It's so stuffy in here."

"Of all the inhospitable creatures, Mac! I've come to take luncheon with you. I want to see how you live, and I'm half starved." Whereat Belle calmly proceeded to pull off her gloves.

"But, Belle—" began Mac, with a significant glance at Sir Arthur.

"Oh, I shall not speak to Sir Dummy, to be sure. You can write us an introduction, or do you talk to him on your fingers? I should like to see you do it. Adieu and quick pace! What a fuss I shan't have to say. Thanks is what I mean, and if he can't talk I shall not know how silly he is. Whole early half. Does he do it up in kids every night?"

Sir Arthur might have been seen to squirm.

"Belle, Belle! I say, now, you mustn't—"

"But where's the harm, Mac? You say he's deaf and dumb."

"Ye-e-es, but I don't know just how deaf he really is, and if he should hear, you know—"

"He would only hear the truth. It might do him good. I'm sure he's conceited, even if he is a dummy. Why, whatever are you doing?"

Just what Mac was doing was this: He was trying to wave a warning to the incautious Kid, who in the fullness of his joy and prompted by an unfeeling desire to catch a glimpse of Sir Arthur's face had parted the wardrobe curtains.

"N-n-nothing—nothing at all."

Belle eyed him shrewdly for an uncomfortable moment. Then, after reflection, she asked: "And where's your other chum, the one you call the Kid? Is he deaf and dumb or blind?"

"It's too bad," said Mac, with an effort at sincerity, "but you'll not meet the Kid this time. He's gone about selling the art editors a good deal, you know."

"Does he? Well, I did hope to see him. He is the one, you wrote, who raved over my picture. Isn't that a photograph of him stuck up there on the wall?"

There was no denying this, for it had been plainly labeled "The Kid."

"He's a little fellow with brown eyes, isn't he? And didn't you say he was bashful?" asked Belle, studying the picture. "Did he draw all these sketches? How clever! Especially that one of a row of red packing boxes."

"Packing boxes, Belle! That is an impressionistic study of lower Broadway at sunset."

"Really? Well, I never should have guessed. But that smoking lamp resting on a blue table cover is effective."

"Smoking fiddlesticks! Belle, you know nothing at all about art. Any one can see that's a night scene in the harbor. I'll not have you poking fun at my friends behind their backs."

"Why, Mac, I wouldn't do that for the world. But look! What is the matter with Sir Dummy? He's shaking all over. Perhaps he's having a chill or a fit."

The heaving shoulders of Sir Arthur were suddenly stilled. "There! He's over it," continued Belle. "How curious! Why doesn't he turn his head? I should like to see what he looks like. I'm going to peek."

"I say, Belle, behave, can't you?" pleaded Mac.

But Belle had her own ideas about behavior, and, as usual, she followed them. These ideas led her to tiptoe into the corner. There, standing before the blue denim draperies, she peered curiously at the young man in the chair.

"If I could see his eyes"—she began.

Then Sir Arthur rebelled. Dropping his heels from the window sill he turned quickly about and faced his tormenter.

"Oh, oh! You!" Into these three words Belle managed to put much astonishment. Then came an impulse to escape. With a quick movement she reached around, flung the blue denim curtains before her and jumped back into the very arms of the unsuspecting Kid. Then she said, "Oh!" again and squealed hysterically. Next she rushed for her brother and got behind him.

"I know many more are there, Mac," she panted.

"These," said Mac, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "constitute our entire collection. The fact is, Belle, you took us by surprise."

"And do you always tell such whoppers when you're startled? One might think I was a bogy man!"

"Well—not quite that—but, you see, we—we are playing hermit just now, and—and"— Mac was floundering desperately in the deep waters of dilemma.

"And you didn't mean to give me any luncheon. But I'm going to stay just the same. You might as well present your friends."

Mac made an eloquent two handed gesture and turned to his sister with

"AH, I SEE!" SAID HE GRIMLY.

"Well then, if you insist, Belle, this young man whom you disturbed in his favorite retreat, is the celebrated creator of the smoking lamp scene. Kid, this is the young lady whose photography is tacked up over your cot. I hope you are both satisfied. Come on, Art, your turn."

"I think Miss Belle and I have met before," said he, looking calmly down into Belle's gray eyes. "We sat out three dances, didn't we? But of course you have forgotten me."

"Ye-e-es, I must have," faltered Belle, and then stopped abruptly. Under Sir Arthur's steady gaze her eyelids drooped until she found herself looking very sheepishly at the floor. But she recovered in an instant. "No, I haven't forgotten. How could I when you said so many foolish things?"

"Did I? Possibly I did. But you didn't say so then. You didn't even call me a dummy."

"You didn't act the part then."

"Your ingenious brother wasn't there to suggest it."

"You bad Mac! I hadn't been," growled Mac. "Belle, do you know what this nonsense of yours will cost me?"

"Oh, never mind that," said Sir Arthur loudly.

But Mac insisted. He exhibited the check, explained its full significance and dwelt mournfully on the lost dinners, the number of them and their excellence.

"I'm sorry," declared Belle when he had finished, "it was a stupid agreement. The check is yours, Mac. Why, you wouldn't've missed it two days for five dollars."

"But it has been only two months, Belle," protested Mac, "and here you come and—"

"I don't care." This with a most fetching pout, ending in an uncertain trembling of the lips. "I'm glad I did come and—and—I wish I hadn't so there! I'll—come every chance I get and—and I'll never speak to one of you again," with which amazing statement she started for the door. Sir Arthur, however, was there before she could reach it. Dinners or no dinners, here were gray eyes with tears in them.

"We humbly beg your pardon. Don't we, boys?" he demanded of Mac and the Kid, joined him in barring her flight.

"Most sincerely," said the Kid.

"I suppose we do," admitted Mac.

"And we most respectfully urge you to stay and have luncheon with us. Don't we, boys?" said Sir Arthur.

"We do," came the response, this time in chorus.

At this demonstration Belle's lips seemed undecided between a pout and a smile—a most effective maneuver.

"Surely," said she, "this looks like true penitence. Even if it isn't, I'm awfully hungry."

They were making a most jolly luncheon of it. There was the Kid, who swallowed some very hot coffee without in the least minding, and all because some one smiled at him across the table. There was Mac, forgetful of lost fingers and occupied with the discovery that Belle was developing into an unusually attractive girl, even if she was his youngest sister, there was Sir Arthur, who fully agreed with Mac; also there was Belle herself, eating bacon and eggs and talking to all three of her hosts at once—when the door opened and in walked the check making encourager of the Resolute Hermits.

"Ah, I see!" said he grimly, after one sweeping glance at the festivities. "Might have known." And before any hermit could say boo, he had stalked out through the door. Two of them caught him half way down the first flight and, after some argument, led him back.

Perhaps it was because Belle was conscience stricken at the thought of the price the hermits must pay for her visit—at any rate, under the magic of her pouting lips and gray eyes, there was worked a marvel. "I'll be around at 6 o'clock to take you all out to dinner," whispered the bachelor uncle in the Kid's ear before leaving. "Then we'll all go to the theater, if the young lady likes."

"Good for you, uncle," said the Kid, and added dolefully, "but we'll tear up that check, I suppose?"

"If you do, you young scamp," said the uncle, with a backward glance at certain gray eyes, "I'll never give you another. No, sir, never!"

So they didn't.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling; no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocer's to-day.

City Shaving Parlors,
ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Shining Chair.

A VERSATILE PRODUCT.

How Things What Grow Capable of So Many Uses as Corn.

Probably few things that grow are capable of so many uses or are as completely used as corn. The grain is used for food both for human beings and cattle, while the stalks are used as cattle feed. The pith of the cornstalk is used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, in the manufacture of high grade varnish and in the manufacture of paper. The woody portions are used in the manufacture of a cheap quality of paper.

As a food corn is supplied in many forms. The most familiar are as meal, hominy and grits. Practically all the starch that is used in the United States is made from corn. Immense quantities are also used in the manufacture of glucose, which, among other things, enters largely into the manufacture of beer as a substitute for malt.

A large quantity of corn is used annually in the manufacture of whisky, and nearly 15,000,000 bushels are used every year in the manufacture of cologne spirits and alcohol. Even in the manufacture of these products nothing is lost. The glutinous and other residues in the manufacture of starch, glucose, whisky and alcohol are used as cattle feed.

THE GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.

It Is the Strongest Muscle in the Human Body.

The strongest muscle in the human body is the gluteus maximus. Hardly a movement of the lower extremities can be made without bringing it into play, but its chief duty is to balance the pelvis on the head of the thigh bone. It assists in carrying the leg forward and outward in walking, and without its aid any movement of the body from the hips would be impossible.

As it is the strongest, so is it also the largest muscle we possess. In the full grown man it can exert a force of 110 pounds to the square inch of its section in the thickest part.

Another strong muscle, which is situated in the calf of the leg, is capable of sustaining seven times the weight of the body. The great tendon which is inserted in the heel bone, called tendon achilles, is also of singular strength. When removed from the body, it has sustained a weight of 2,000 pounds, yet sometimes by the sudden action of the muscles of the calf, to which it belongs, it has been snapped across.

PERMANENT MAGNETS.

The Simplest Way of Magnetizing a Bar of Steel.

The simplest way of magnetizing a bar of steel is that known as "single touch." The bar to be magnetized is laid on the table and the pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed from ten to twenty times along its length, always in the same direction. If the north pole of the magnet is employed the end of the bar first touched will also become a north pole, while the opposite end, at which the magnet is lifted before returning, will be a south pole.

There are other and more complicated methods, known as "divided touch" and "double touch," in which two and even four magnets are employed.

A steel bar can also be magnetized by placing it within a coil of insulated wire, through which a galvanic current is circulating. The magnetism induced in this way, however, is weak compared with that which can be procured if the same strength of current is employed through the intervention of an electro-magnet.

"Hamlet" at Elsinore.

Shakespearean commentators have wondered why the poet placed the scenes of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, in the island of Zealand, whereas the Danish prince lived and died in Jutland. But the municipal authorities at Elsinore discovered in their archives that an English company was acting in their town in 1587 or 1588, and among the names of the actors are several of those who were acting with Shakespeare in London in 1589. Obviously these actors must have talked about their adventures in Denmark, and so Shakespeare became well acquainted with Elsinore and when he wrote "Hamlet" naturally placed the scene in a place which he knew by description rather than in a place of which he knew nothing.

The General Utility Consul.

In those larger towns in Turkey where England is represented by a consul that official is looked upon as a sort of court of appeal by Christians, Armenians, Bulgarians, Macedonians and even Jews, who have probably never heard an English word spoken, will appeal to the British consul when in difficulties, and he rarely refuses his kind offices. In ordinary cases his unofficial backing of the "giaours" is effective.

Curiosity.

"Professor," said Mrs. Noozey to the cranky old professor of archaeology, "what do you consider the most curious thing you ever saw?"

"Woman unquestionably," he replied.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Moonshine.

An old lady, having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited, remarked, with emphasis: "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

Appropriate.

A Chicago girl wrote the beauty department of a local paper and asked, "What is good for big feet?" Promptly the reply appeared, "Big shoes."—Houston Post.

Trying to Forget It.

Mifkins—Hello, old man! What do you think of that cigar I gave you last night? Bifkins—Don't ask me to think. I'm trying to forget it.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.

Turkish Conspiracies.

Midhat Pasha, formerly a power in Turkey as leader of a reform party, brought about the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz. Prince Murad then was proclaimed sultan. Five days later the ex-sultan committed suicide, a fact which was proved by nineteen doctors. Ten days after this tragedy Sultan Murad became insane and was deposed and Abdul Hamid ascended the throne. Midhat was banished, but was received with so much favor in Europe that the sultan became nervous and recalled him and appointed him governor of Syria. Here he did much good, but found himself called upon to resign in 1880. He next became governor general of Smyrna, but shortly afterward he was arrested with Mehemet Rushdi Pasha and others on a charge of being concerned in the murder of Abdul Aziz. The trial dragged on for months, and Midhat, with others, was condemned to death, but on the intervention of the English government his sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. Midhat was sent to Taif, in Arabia, where many attempts were made to poison him, which were frustrated by his servant. One night, however, he was dragged from his room by some of the sultan's officials and strangled.

How Seventy-six, Ky., Got Its Name.

Back in Clinton county is a village called Seventy-six. In the midst of the village is a waterfall, which greeted the eye of the first frontiersman who went to that part of the state when it was still a part of Virginia. He measured the depth of the fall and found it to be seventy-six feet. The accuracy of the measurement has never been called into question, and the inhabitants of the town to this day have their mails addressed to "Seventy-six, Ky." The fall is of little volume during the summer months, but is of great beauty at all times. In the winter it is a roaring cataract, and Indian creek frequently goes upon a rampage. The section was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians in the early days, and the creek derived its name from the number of spearheads and spikes which are found in the fields around.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strategy of the Cuckoo.

The Indian fruit cuckoo, which, like all members of the cuckoo family, lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and thus avoids the trouble of hatching them, is said to exhibit most interesting strategy in dealing with crows, which are its enemies. Whereas the hen, an inconspicuous speckled gray bird, contents herself in the foliage, the cock, remarkable for his brilliant black plumage and crimson eyes, places himself on a perch near a crows' nest and makes a great noise. The crows immediately rush out to attack him, and he takes to flight with them in pursuit. The hen meanwhile slips into the nest and deposits an egg. Sometimes the crows get back before the egg is laid, and then the intruding hen cuckoo gets a trouncing.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Picture Postal Cards.

The originator of pictorial post cards was a Frenchman, M., Besnardeau of Sille-le-Guillaume, in the department of La Sarthe. To this gentleman occurred the happy thought at the time of the war with Germany that, as there were 40,000 conscripts, most of them somewhat illiterate, in the camp of Conlie, he might as well sell them cards instead of paper and envelopes. He did so, illustrating his cards with pictures of cannons and shells, quickly cleared out his stock and responded to the continuing demand by issuing a second series, with spaces on which soldiers were invited to write the names of any battles in which they might have taken part.—Westminster Gazette.

The Leopard and the Kid.

To illustrate how perfectly he had the animal under control Professor Bach of Berlin once put a live kid in the cage with a leopard. Then the professor fixed his glittering eye on the savage beast and willed that he should remain quiescent. There was something wrong with the thought transference, for the leopard immediately changed his spots, and so did the kid. A blare, a growl and a crunch, and the illustration was ruined.

Milk and Bright's Disease.

A physician suffering with Bright's disease and weighing 155 pounds began to restrict himself exclusively to a milk diet, taking one quart at each meal, or three quarts daily. Soon no traces of his former ailment was perceptible. He gained thirty pounds in flesh, and this notwithstanding constant attention to professional duties both day and night.—Chicago News.

An Experienced Opinion.

Father—Daughter, Algernon Von Spook wants to marry you. Daughter—What! That man! Why, papa, I wouldn't have him. He hasn't any sense. Father—Of course not; of course not. You don't suppose he would be wanting to get married if he had, do you?—Detroit Free Press.

Got It.

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the other man, "you have mine."

Herculean Labors.

Naggsby—What did he leave to charity? Waggsby—He left it the biggest job it ever tackled—that of covering his multitude of sins.—Baltimore American.

The English statute mile was first defined in the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth. Before that time it was put down at 5,000 feet.

City Shaving Parlors,
ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Shining Chair.

CAUSTIC CARLYLE.

His Contempt For Great Men Was Subject to Modification.

Carlyle's opinion of Herbert Spencer as "the most unending ass in Christendom" must, of course, be read in conjunction with Carlyle's derision for mankind in general. "Mostly fools," he cheerfully thought of us all. Darwin, we know, he would not have at any price—not a word of him. Cardinal Newman, he estimated, had "the brain of a medium sized rabbit." Ruskin was a bottle of soda water. "A bad young man" was his sum up of another eminent writer.

But these hostile phrases were subject to considerable modification if the man against whom they were aimed came near enough to Carlyle to do him a personal favor, even to pay him a personal compliment. Disraeli, whom he had described as a mountebank dancing upon John Bull's stomach, offered Carlyle a baronetcy and elicited from him, together with a refusal of the title, many tributes to his magnanimity. He said very little about Disraeli henceforth in print, and in private he spoke of him only as "a very tragical cunifell fellow."—London Chronicle.

THE ONION CURE.

A Remedy Which Is Claimed to Be Infallible In Pneumonia.

This remedy, which is claimed to be infallible, was formulated many years ago by a well known physician in New England, who never lost a patient by this scourge: Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine. Put in a large spider over a hot fire, adding about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar to form a stiff paste. Stir thoroughly and simmer five or ten minutes. Put into a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest just as hot as the patient can bear it. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue reheating and applying, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. And just here a word of caution. In applying this or any other hot poultice care must be exercised not to let the patient get chilled during the changing process. Have the hot one all ready to go on before the cooling one is removed, and make the exchanges so swiftly and deftly that there is not a moment's exposure of the body surface, which becomes exceedingly sensitive to a chill.

POSITION DURING SLEEP.

Slightly Raise the Head and Lie on the Right Side.

The main object of sleep is that every organ of the body should have perfect rest. The brain, the lungs and the heart have been, not inappropriately, called the "tripod of life," as upon them hangs the prosperity of the whole frame; hence we slightly raise the head to check the flow of blood to the brain and more or less quickly find out the position of greatest ease for lungs and heart.

This will be found by sleeping for the greater part of the time on the right side, for nearly two-thirds of the heart is on the left of the medial line, and the apex points closely to the smaller left lung; hence the fullest and freest play possible should be given to the left side.

A quiet pulse, diminished respiration and refreshing rest are all combined when open windows, moderate warmth and unchafing heart work together. It is often best to court sleep on the left side and turn to the right before going off.

A Philanthropist.

Modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts. A London journal tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the king of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

A Doctor's Visit.

More patients become dissatisfied because they are not visited often enough than because they are required to pay for excess of services. One of the most grateful families that I ever knew was one that had just paid a young medical grafter for fourteen visits made between 5 and 11 p. m. of a single day, when two visits would have been amply sufficient. Small wonder that some of the younger men yield to this temptation and shortly become known to the profession as repenters. But these soon lose caste.—The World Today.

Lesson In Modern Finance.

"Pa," said the son of the captain of industry, "what is being recreant to one's trust?"

"Not increasing the capital stock every time the public can be hypnotized into buying a few more shares for the benefit of the people who hold the bonds."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foresight.

De Garry—As you intend to marry her, why did you consent to her riding a bicycle when you are so opposed to it? Merritt—Well, I knew she would have her way in the end, and I calculated that by giving in now her father would have to pay for the bicycle.

Nothing is farther from the earth than heaven; nothing is nearer to heaven than earth.—Hare.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

THE AROMA OF A
370
CIGAR
Is like the Flower that blooms in the Spring.
For Sale at All First-Class Cigar Stands.
ONLY 5 CENTS.

Do Not Wait
until a leak appears in your water, steam or gas pipes before sending for the plumber. We will make a thorough inspection of your house from garret to cellar. This may save you a much larger bill later, and may be the means of preventing injury to your health.
We are specialists in Plumbing, Water, Gas and Steam Work, and you can rely on what we say in relation thereto.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

If a Boy
had his own way he would never wear anything but a
Mother's Friend Wash Suit
or Shirt Waist. Fabrics strong as iron, which will stand the strain and stress of every day wear, and at prices we are almost ashamed to mention.
$1.00 and $1.25
for a Mother's Friend Wash Suit;
50c and 75c
for the Mother's Friend Shirt Waist.
Wm. Monheimer.

SPRING SHOES.
Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.
You will find new
FOOTWEAR
and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.
All Styles. All Sizes.
Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1904.

F. A. Burdick in account with Keating Township School District for the years 1900, 1901 and 1902. Final settlement for the year ending June 1st, 1904.

	Dr.	
To balance due twp. last settlement		$ 2002 57
	Cr.	
By additional exonerations of 1900, 1901, 1902	154 89	
By returns to county commissioners	30 90	
By 5% allowed taxpayers year 1901	97 55	
By 6% com. on $1482.00	71 95	
By 6% allowed taxpayers year 1902	94 73	
By 2% com. on $1800.00	36 00	
By 5% com. on $2000.00	100 00	
By paid Treasurer McGowan	1052 99	
By 5% com. on 952.99	53 55	
Bal. due Keating School District	221 21	
		2002 57

James Bray in account with Keating Township as collector for year ending June 1st, 1904.

	Dr.	
To amount of School Duplicate of 1903		5024 64
	Cr.	
By amount paid Treasurer McGowan	3645 61	
By exonerations	211 78	
By taxes returned to county commissioners	15 78	
By 5% allowed taxpayers	125 80	
By 2% com. on $2390.61	47 81	
By 5% com. on $1275.00	63 75	
Balance due Township School District	894 10	
		5024 64

James McGowan in account with Keating Twp. School funds for the year ending June 1st, 1904.

	Dr.	
To bal. due township last auditors' report	101 25	
To received state appropriation	8260 97	
To received from County Treasurer	1880 00	
To received from ex-Collector Burdick	1052 99	
To received from Collector Bray	3005 61	
To received tuition from Bradford Twp.	129 54	
To received Tuition from Lafayette Twp.	152 40	
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	1500 00	
To received loan from G. C. Oviatt	1750 00	
To received loan from August Smith	1000 00	
		14022 70
	Cr.	
By paid teachers wages	5890 00	
By paid attending institute	220 00	
By paid school supplies	349 03	
By paid school supplies other than text books	387 74	
By paid building and furnishing	210 18	
By paid rent and repairs	469 40	
By paid debt and interest	3840 10	
By paid secretary's salary	250 00	
By paid fuel and contingencies	648 65	
By paid on account scarlet fever quarantine	282 89	
By paid insurance on school buildings	118 38	
By paid attendance officer services	82 60	
By paid other expenses	98 05	
By com. on $12710.00 @ 3%	254 39	
Amt. due Township school fund	1048 47	
		14022 70

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

To amount outstanding orders	4402 50	4402 50

RESOURCES.

By amt. due from Collector Bray	594 10	
By amt. due from Collector Burdick	321 21	
By amt. in hands of Treasurer McGowan	1048 47	
By amt. in hands of County Treasurer, school fund (unseated)	675 93	
By amt. in hands of County Treasurer, building (unseated)	289 51	
By estimated amt. due from other townships tuition	500 00	
Liabilities over resources to bal.	723 17	4402 50

We, the undersigned Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collectors Burdick and Bray and Treasurer McGowan do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this the 20th day of June, A. D. 1904.

H. D. OTTO
F. E. BROCKHAM, Auditors.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
Just What You Want.
all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

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Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to
C.A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite U. S. Patent Office
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Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. G. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

Jelly Glasses,

Mason and Royal fruit jars at lowest prices in town at J. C. Hamlin's.

For Sale.

Organ in excellent condition. Will be sold cheap for cash. Apply at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. F. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Hendinghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
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Smethport, Pa.